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Whole No. 98

Around Town. Without doubt the Brennan case has been the local sensation of the week. It is a unique lawsuit, inasmuch as a wife brings suit for damages against her father in-law for having inveigled her into a marriage with his worthless son. While the very racy details of the domestic life of Joe and Libby Brennan have doubtless interested all the readers of the daily newspapers, it has given married folk an opportunity of reading a chapter in the career of an inharmonious couple, and it may be profitable whether there have not been incidents therein which would make almost as sensational reading as the Brennan case. People know very little of the lives of their neighbors unless some lawsuit happens to drag forth the details and opposing counsel proceed to make the smallest things appear as large as possible. On the street cars we often see people getting aboard, the scowl still lingering in their faces, indicative of a very lively row before they left home. Glances may be interchanged which tell more plainly than a page of divorce court evidence that for a moment at least they perfectly hate each other. So netimes they sit as far apart as decency will permit, or, if crowded close together, there is a semi-audible question asked and a whispered answer given which indicate that there is to be trouble as soon as the sheltering walls of their domicile separate them from public view. Frequently too, trifles in the houses of our friends demonstrate that the matrimonial thermometer is registering a very unwholesome heat or arctic chill. To people who are disposed to speculate as to the happiness of this couple or that, these symptoms mean a great deal, and the discussion of them causes much of that scandal which concerns itself with the supposed unhappy life of many of the people that we know Nevertheless I imagine that the percentage of happy ho nes is very much greater than of the un lappy ones. O' course a happy home can seldom mean a domicile where outbreaks of temper, petulance, scolding and even recrimination are never indulged in. The human constitution and temperament are subjected to vast number of influences which disturb the individual and lead to the disturbance of the nome. When a man is bilious, or has a bad cold or when his business is going wrong he is unlikely to be as considerate and gentle as when everything is lovely and the homesmile comes of its own accord. When the cook has given warning or the maid has flown off the handle and flercely expressed her unvarnished opinion of her mistress; when the dinner has been burnt or the wife has had a bad headache, or a "nervous attack," the atmosphere of the home changes as rapidly as the barometer before the approach of a cyclone. But when the husband's bile or business is disturbed at the same time that the wife has a headache or a quarrel with the cook, we may naturally look out for squalls, particularly in the early years of married life, before the husband and wife have learned to avoid ticklish topics when the conditions are unfavorable. After they have spent a few years together, if they have any love or respect for themselves or each other, a glance will detect when the storm signals are up, and if it is impossible to be conciliatory they will stay at long range until the clouds drift by. I can recollect at least half a dozen instances of passing the homes of young people who had not long been married, where I have seen the husband stepping high, and with fire in his eye, having evidently heard something to his wife's disadvantage during the day. How he does jerk the bell! The wife, coming to the door with a smile and anxious to be pleasant. is met by an outpouring of wrath at the very door. Nor has my limited experience been lacking in instances where the wife, at the hreshold, has sprung upon her husband a few facts and figures which she had gleaned during his absence and I have had the benefit of the onversation as I passed, one party or the other being too enraged to even shut the door before he or she has been delivered of the message of

I have been told that the dinner table is a favorite place for the discussion of unpleasant questions, and it is even worse than the doorstep, for neither man nor woman likes to have the viands flavored with wormwood and vinegar. I imagine that if people who have disputes of any sort would keep them over night, or at least delay them for a few hours until they have thought the matter out, the outburst would be less destructive. The Brennan case is a good example of the danger of married people having too many relatives. The majority of married lives that are spoiled during the first few years after the wedding can trace it to too much advice and sympathy volunteered by people who, if they minded their own business would be conferring the greatest possible blessing on the young couple. There certainly will be even in the course of true love, some cataracts, whirlpools, and rapids, but if the matrimonial bark is left alone it is very apt to float out into the calm and peaceful water, if there is a determination on either side to stick to it and make the thest of what sometimes appears to be a bad job. But if that much - abused and often wrongfully - abused personage, the mother-in-law, is too accessible and is stirred to wrath by the tales her daughter tells or her son tells, for often there are two mothers in-law in a family -- though somehow it is the wife's mother who is selected by the paragrapher as the legitimate butt for his jokes-trouble is sure to follow. The young wi'e is always anxious for sympathy. Her onize the other. Anything else is destructive of

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in which she finds herself make her look tor help and comfort from someone, and the husband is perhaps slow in observing that she is not altogether happy and he is abrupt in refusing to be consulted upon the trifles and perplexities which do not appeal to his masculine sel-fishness and desire for quiet and ease. If the young woman is thus denied sympathy in the quarter where she has most reason to expect it, she appeals to her feminine, and sometimes unfortunately, to her masculine, friends, and when this becomes known the husband confor them to review their own experience as to siders it very shabby treatment and is angry. newly acquired wife is "not a very good housekeeper, although she has many good points," or "it is to be feared her household education has been neglected," and then they grumble and look sour, and in a few days afterwards the wife hears about this improper candor and perhaps she is not very near y wild! Possibly the first and most im-

new relations and the strange circumstances | discipline and leads to a contempt in the childish hearts for those whose weakness permits such things, and remember there is no more alert observer or better judge of parental motive than a child! While it is exceedingly unpleasant for the wife, if she has punished one of the children, to have the father sympathize with it as if it had been hardly treated, yet I know many instances where the mother has, by her actions, taught the children to think the father severe almost to brutality, where the children devote all their love and kindness to the mother and the father is uti- good material in a possible law suit, but is for lized for purposes of discipline only, and feels but, as you know, there are many husbands | that he is sacrificing the love which should who confide in their friends the fact that the have been his because his wife is over-eager to too often." Without mutual love the path monopolize it or too weak to do her share in moulding the childish character. It is really a very great injustice and many fathers and mothers have ceased to endeavor to make their children obey them because, for lack of tact, it was made a hard matter, and one or the other found the affections of the youngsters becoming alienated thereby. For instance a but there is some chance of happiness before portant lesson for young couples to learn is to keep their troubles to themselves. The mined to be obeyed, while the mother, who is loveless match, affection being already absent.

which is hurried forward by the increased frequency of matrimonial broils. It is astonishing what errors of youth, women who are really in love, can forgive in a husband. Even departures from the straight and narrow way after marriage are condoned with surprising frequency by a devoted wife. His difficulty on "lodge night" in finding the proper place to put the latch key is not entered in her diary by the loving wife as probably given with a solemn shaking of the head and a warning that "this sort of thing is happening must be hard, and rocky and steep. Indiscretions and bad temper are not avoided, but from the nature of things are more apt to occur in such a union than in a loving one, and not only are they more probable but more danger ous. It is often said that when poverty comes but there is some chance of happiness before love flies away, if fly it must, while in the

leads to forgiveness, and every little squabble is hoarded up against some day of judgment

A PLEASANT CHAT.

they will be exaggerated by gossips, general suspicion will create mutual distrust, and the husband and wife will rival one another in trying to make it appear that he or she is the aggrieved and down-trodden party.

About the next snag upon which the matrimonial boat is apt to split is in training the children. I presume there is not more than one case in ten where the husband and wife are a unit as to the method to be employed. When the father punishes a youngster the mother is very apt to fly at him and suggest brutailty and the absence of ordinary human tenderness, or it may be that the mother is the one who feels like checking the youth, and the father picks him up and sympathizes with him and thereby neutralizes all the good which has been accomplished. In circumstances like these, it is not unusual for the mother to tell him to bring up his son to suit himself, and that he will doubtless wind up in the peni tentiary or on the gallows. It is impossible to have a happy home unless the parents are agreed upon some course which shall be puraued, or if they are not agreed upon any method they must take pains that in the presence of the children at least, one parent shall not antag-

her method, reproaches her husband for being too severe and yet utilizes his discipline by continually threatening: "Now, I'll tell your father if you don't behave yourself," or 'If your papa finds that out, you will get a nice dressing;" or when they are noisy in the nursery and she is unable to control them herself she says: "Now, if you don't be still I'll call your papa." This will naturally make the children think that if their papa were dead or away on a visit they could have high old jinks, and they have been known to state their views in a very uncomplimentary manner to the parent in question. This is an exceedingly unjust way to manage children, the weak father or mother for a time getting the benefit of the greater affection, and the one who is doing his or her best to prevent the youngsters from growing up like little savages, gets decidedly the worst of it. It is from such little things as these that the average domestic trouble arises and they are the most heart-

However, all this has but little to do with the case in point. The lesson it suggests is that young women who marry for money are very apt to make a bad bargain. In such a union there is an absence of that love which

moment their difficulties are noised abroad | no more indulgent or affectionate is weak in | there isn't even a honeymoon, and it must be remembered that a starvation of the affections, a famine of love, is just as disastrous to happiness and content as when the body is denied its requisite nourishment.

> We are always congratulating ourselves on the excellent administration of our laws and making invidious comparisons as to the way in which our neighbors to the south of us do things. One thing is certain-that the judges in the Assize Court are overworked and that they are far in arrears. Justice cannot be well served by a judge who lacks time to give the cases upon which he decides full and careful investigation. Moreover, it is a crying shame that some litigants are kept in suspense and are forced to incur great expense because their cases cannot be attended to. If we are to maintain the excellence of our courts judges must be properly paid and there must be plenty of them. If I were to be tried I should be anxious to have my hearing before a man who had not been over-worked and who feels that every extra moment he is giving to the consideration of the points urged in my favor puts him still further in arrears with his other work. No and that we are capable of measuring worth doubt there are plenty of learned lawyers in by a higher standard than success. Foronto Toronto who would not object to being pro- nians ere criticized by the people of other

moted t the Bench, and it is in the interests of the public that one or two such promotions should at once be made.

It is surprising that the authorities of Toronto permit the Grand Trunk Railway to continue to assassinate people at the level crossings. The Grand Trunk has never hesitated to tak all the law allows it from this city. It makes Montreal its headquarters, and as much as possible treats Toronto as a way station except when this city is held as a lamb to be shorn which occurs whenever the wool gets long enough to make the fleece worth taking off. Why so much leniency should be shown to a corpration which has never given up anything ex-cept by force, is an unanswerable conundrum to simple minded people who have never been in the city council or favored with free transportation over the road. For lo! these many years the newspapers have pointed out the responsibility of the Grand Trunk in the cases of people killed at level crossings where the railway, according to law, should protect the passer-by. Spas modic attempts have been made to correct the abuse, but years come and go, aldermen and mayors are elected and retired, and still the wrong is not righted. Under these circumstances the newspaper which is hunting with its knife after the lard in the interior of Mayor Clarke's system, makes an undeserved attack when it lays the responsibility of recent killings at his door. He has been busy correcting the mistakes of predecessors; he has worked harder than any other Mayor who has occupied the office since I knew Toronto, devoted twice, ves, thrice as much time to the discharge of his duties, has in fact abandoned all other business, and the financial stress caused by many questions which had to be settled immediately made it impossible for him to at once devote himself to the bringing about of greater public safety at the railway crossings though he has done as much as any other mayor in that direction. As the whole question of the Esplanade and the protection of life and limb is up for settlement it is no surprising that details have been permitted to stand until the possibility of a final and complete arrangement has been realized or abandoned. It emphasizes one of those disagreeable phases of public life when an official is attacked in this unjustifiable manner. While realizing the extent of the affliction visited upon those near to the latest victim, the agitation at the present moment has been made, by the lamentable occurrence, to assume proportions which cannot be easily passed over, and it is to be hoped that the sacrifice of a human life coming at this critical time will not have been made in vain. The Grand Trunk appears to imagine that it has nothing to do but to earn dividends, even if the history of its penuriousness and heartlessness must be written in human blood. The officials have suggested that they don't need a viaduct and are not disposed to build one and that if Toronto wants them to run their trains on an elevated track the city may proceed to build the track. Public opinion is excited to the point which will probably proceed to the demonstration that the Grand Trunk has some responsibilities which can no longer be evaded. If it will not go into the viaduct scheme, it can be forced to put watchmen on all its crossings, and the protec tion of life can be made so expensive that it will be glad to adopt more modern methods. Now is the time to make the Grand Trunk understand this.

Before the contract had been signed for put street I took occasion to remark that such a roadway would make a hitherto quiet and peaceful locality, a noisy and dirty neighborhood. My prediction has proven true. From one end of the street to the other it is now a procession of drays, swill wagons, scavenger carts, farmers' teams taking hay and produce to the market in one direction and manure the other. It is doubtful if the street has been swept since it was finished. All the filth deposited upon it dries quickly and is wafted by the autumnal winds into the houses on either side, so that now the maids who dust the drawing rooms preserve the material they gather there to enrich the garden. It is the delight of butcher boys to race their horses and of sports to their teams and the noisy plunk plunk of iron clad feet is heard at all hours of the day and night. It may seem like asking for class legis lation, but certainly Jarvis street should be protected by a by-law and created an avenue from which heavy teams shall be deparred. The residents of Jarvis street did not expend \$130,000 in order to facilitate the hauling of swill and garbage, or the transportation of building material and farm produce. And even if these were kept off the street, the residents have spent enough money for the benefit of those citizens who would still use the thoroughfare, to make it just for the city at large to keep the street clean. If the city does not take some pains to prevent the street becoming a nuisance to those who live on it, it will certainly discourage other localities from making expensive local improvements.

I don't think the spectacle of a city banquet ing a defeated oarsman and presenting him with a thousand dollars is often to be seen on this continent or any other. The treatment that O'Connor has received from his fellowcitizens should make him feel that Toronto is proud of her honorable and ambitious sons,

places as clannish. It is a compliment. Loyalty to one another and belief in our boys and in our city is what will make Toronto great. Those who are ignored because of tailure, or because the locality in which they live is not accustomed to encourage its citizens, will leave places where such kindness and encourage ment cannot be found and come to Toronto.

The doctrine of divine healing has received some attention recently because of alleged cures which have been made by exponents of that belief. Modern miracles are apt to be discounted whether they are alleged to have taken place at the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre or under the hands of prayerful devotees in Toronto. The performance of a miracle does not necessarily mean that the laws of nature have been suspended or interfered with. It may be the calling into play of other laws as powerful as those which we understand, but it is extremely doubtful whether there is anyone now on earth who has power to do this or cause it to be done. Those who believe in special dispensations of Providence should logically believe in faith cures because if through prayer we can abrogate the laws we know of, or come into contact with, laws of which we are unaware, there is no walk in life, no circumstances by which we may be surrounded, no dangers by which we may be threatened where the influence of such dispensations could not be procured. To those of us who have seen the passionate but heartbroken appeals of those whose loved ones were leaving them, to those who have seen the good perish and the ungodly escape, to those who have witnessed the suffering of the good and the immunity of the wicked, it would seem that prayers have not been answered by any interference with the laws of nature, the current of commerce, or the equally inexorable tide which controls the fate of men in other respects. Knowing the power of imagination which will make healthy men and women when reading a patent medicine circular feel that they are afflicted with all the ills described therein, we can easily believe that in a moment of religious fervor and physical buoyancy invalids may imagine that cures have been made which in reality are only a myth. During the ages which have elapsed since the idea of modern miracles was abandoned we must believe that there have been enough good people in every community with as strong faith as the human heart can feel, who would keep alive the idea of prayer cures if such were consistent with facts or God's will. Such is not the fact, and we are not ready to admit that any small community in Toronto has, through its particular holiness, become endued with powers which the faithful and prayerful of many ages and many climes have been unable to demonstrate.

Social and Personal.

At their smoking concert on Monday even ing last, the hospitable bachelors of Tintagel McCaul street, outdid even themselves. Con siderable practice has made these gentiemen adepts in the art of entertaining, and their suc cess in a form of entertainment which requires much care both in its arrangement and in the carrying out, and which, when successful, is particularly delightful, was unqualified. programme which was commenced soon after nine and which was continued without in er ruption, save for short intervals for refreshment and a rather longer one for supper, until half-past two, was certainly not lacking in length, but its quality was as conspicuous as its quantity. Much of the best local talent of a certain class, assisted by more than one clever stranger, showed gifts that were as varied as they were genuine, and up till the very last there was no sign of any abatement in the vigorous enjoyment of the large audi The scope and quality of the work done by the various performers, much of it comparatively unknown, was a revelation to many of the audience, and should ensure a largely increased popularity for this kind of merry-making. To go on to particulars of the programme and to begin with the recitations, Mr. Bromley-Davesport's admirably chosen ion, from Burnand's Happy Thoughts was excellent. This gentleman's facial expression, and the diverse and difficult "business" which he used to depict the discomfiture of the unhappy follower of harriers, was inimitable. Mr. J. K. Pauw's imitation of Henry Irving in The Bells, in the famous scene where Mathias is under the influence of the mesmerist, is too well known in Toronto to need any further description. It is no caricature of the great actor, but a portrayal which reproduces much of the horror of the thrilling scene and which is wonderfully faithful to the original. Played to an audience which was altogether in sympathy with him and which answered to every point in discourse or song, Mr. Grant Stewart's musical sketch could not but go well. "In a very different place" is one of the best things he ever did. The "razzle dazzle" trio sung by Buffalo Bill as he appeared in Paris" (Mr. Wallace Jones), Henry Irving (Mr. Pauw), and a rouged and painted maiden (Mr. Bromley Davenport) fairly brought down the house and was thrice recalled. The make up and costumes of the three revel. lers were supremely ludicrous and so were their song and grotesque dance. Mr. Dickey's songs with guitar accompaniment were highly popular. Mr. Alfred Brown and Mr. Wilson gave songs with choruses of the right kind, hich were much appreciated. Mr. R. Fox's light has long been hid under a bushel, for, accompanied by his brother, he gave a song which was one of the most artistic efforts of the evening. Mr. Reginald Thomas gave the song which he has made peculiarly his own and which gained its usual reception. Mr. Bromley Davenport reaped fresh laurels in a song for which he was recalled many times, and in which he introduced many cleverly written topical verses of local, chiefly sporting, events. Mr. Boyd gave a song famous at cricket dinners. The arduous duties of accompanist were very efficiently performed by Messrs. Back, Wallace Jones and Grant

To the energy and forethought of Mr. Golding-

ham, the main entrepreneur of this gathering. and to the tact and promptitude of Mr. Fox who acted as stage manager, the success of the affair was in great part due. Messrs. Mowat and Drummond were all that hosts should be, while Mr. Thomas resumed the hospitable duties which he has so often fulfilled. The supper was of the kind best suited to the occasion ice cream, jellies, etc., were conspicuous by their absence, and the oyster-opener, poor man, can alone have failed to enjoy the meal.

Amongst some fifty guests, besides thos above mentioned, were Messrs, Sydney Small, Morrison, Kenneth Moffatt, Bethune, Edin Heward, Stephen Heward, E. Fox, the Messis. Beardmore, the Messrs. Cawthra, the Messrs. Blake, Mr. Wickson of Paris, Mr. Shanly, Mr. Cronyn, Messrs. Brown, Boulton, Ross. I had almost forgotten to mention the performance of a stranger, a visitor from the United States. This gentleman's imitations of a brass band and orchestra, done without other aid than his lips and throat, were extremely clever and entertaining.

Mr. Fox, who is farming near Paris, Ontario, s staying with his brother Mr. R. H. Fox at Fintagel, McCaul street. Mr. R. H. Fox leaves shortly for a prolonged stay in England.

Mr. Schofield and Miss Emily Schofield of Detroit, Mich., are staying with relations in town. This lady and gentleman intend to make a visit of some months, and their great musical gifts will make the man acquisition to

The gloom with which the news of the udden death of Mr. Alec Ramsay has overcast Hamilton society is largely shared in Toronto. Mr. Ramsay was a constant visitor to Toronto, and his popularity here was only second to that which he enjoyed in his native city. The deepest sympathy is felt for his widow and family, who are also well known here. There was a very large attendance of Toronto people at the funeral on Thursday.

Mr. Isidore Helmuth of London, Ont., is in

Mrs. Cattenach of St. George street has returned to town, having made the passage from Europe in the Vancouver. This lady's stay will be but brief, since Mr. Cattenach, although better, will not be able to leave Europe for Canada until the spring, and Mrs. Cattenach is to rejoin him shortly. Without the Cattenach menuge, and especially without their weekly delightful dinners, a Toronto season cannot but be incomplete.

And talking of dinner-parties, we seem, in very many houses at all events, to have seen the last of that system of give and take, which up to two winters ago, was almost univer sally in vogue. The custom of inviting to din ner-parties only those who could return such invitations, was, in many ways, a most objecionable one. I well remember the instance of a lady, three years ago, who told me that on four nights in one week she had been handed in to dinner by the same cavalier. It was experiences of this kind that led to a welcome change. At dinners recently given at Rath nally, Chestnut Park, Glenedyth, Government House and Chudleigh, the advantages of the new fashion have been very patent.

It is said that owing to the sad and much lamented death of Mrs. Homer-Dickson, who is a relative of the family, Miss Heward's wedding, on October 23, will be comparatively small and private. Mr. Williams, R. E., is expected at Peter street this week from England. The bride and bridegroom will make a short tour after their marriage, and will return to To ronto for a few weeks before they set sail for England. A quiet wedding, in this case, will be a great disappointment to society.

Mr. and Mrs. Gamble Geddes have not greatly prolonged their wedding tour, as they have already reached town and are settling in their

Miss Evelyn Talbot of Sherbourne street has arrived from Europe. Miss Talbot is still another of the season's fair debutantes.

Miss Maud net is staying with relations at Port Hope. I hear that some of afternoon at the residence of Mr. Richard the greater part of the winter. It is these and other belles, amongst frequent visitors, that its size in Ontario.

Amongst the large audience that greeted Janauschek at the Grand on Monday, was more than one fashionable theater party. I noticed amongst others, Mrs. Meyrick-Bankes, Miss Dobel, Mr. Benjamin Cronyn, Miss Manning, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Murray, Mr. Hume Blake, Miss Armstrong.

I hear that the wedding of Mr. Hume Blake and Miss Manning is to take place early in

The scandal of the hour at Ottawa is so disgraceful that I cannot remember a parallel to ter with friends. it in Toronto society. Is it the atmosphere of diplomacy and politics which makes the capital so frequent a scene of scandalous intrigues? I can well remember a visit of the young Englishman, who has scandalized even Ottawa, to Toronto. He was much paraded and introduced by one who makes a trade of that sort of thing. The only amusing part of the story is the convincing nature of the evidence of the chief witnesses for the social

I hear that one of our favorite singers, Miss Ethel Woods of Jarvis street Baptist choir, is to be married to Fred H. Herbert, the genial young architect of Yonge street Arcade, next Wednesday evening, October 16. The cere mony will be performed at the Presbyterian Church, corner of Denison avenue and Wolseley street, by the Rev. Robt. Wallace.

Mr. Warring Kennedy, Miss Eva Kennedy and Mr. Herbert Kennedy have returned to

The marriage of Miss Jennie E. Abbott to Mr. Richard Score (Dick) Brown of Brown Bros., King street east, is announced for Tuesday next, October 15. Judging from the number of invitations which have been sent, the Jarvis street Baptist Church will probably be filled with the guests and many friends of the bride and groom. The ceremony takes place at 7:30 p.m., after which a reception will be held at the residence of the bride's parents on St. Patrick street.

On the evening of Friday, October 4, the Young Men's Association of the Northern Con gregational Church gave an At Home. The lecture room was changed into a drawingroom for the time being, draperies, bric-a-brac, alms and cut flowers rendering it very attrac tive. A musical programme was rendered dur ing the evening, and a well-appointed supper was served by Caterer R. J. Lloyd.

Professor Clark will (D. V.) give a series of ermons on Sunday evenings in St. Stephen's Church, College street and Bellevue avenue, on the Epistles to the Seven Churches of Asia. The first sermon of the series will be delivered on the evening of Sunday, October 20. An introductory sermon will be preached on the morning of Sunday, October 13. The seats in this church are free.

J. G. Hodgins, LL.D., Inspector of High Schools, was married last week to Miss Helen Fortescue Scoble. The bride has lately been residing in England, though her home was formerly in Toronto, where she is well known and highly esteemed. Miss Scoble became Mrs. Hodgins on her arrival in New York. The ceremony took place in Rev. Dr. Rainsford's church, Rev. Dr. Wilson officiating.

It was announced by mistake in last week's issue, that a dance was given the previous Wednesday evening at the residence of Mrs. Albert Nordheimer. It was given by Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenedyth.

Mr. A. F. Royce has returned to the city, after a three months' tour in Europe,

Mr. Alfred Curran, the well known vocalist, who left Toronto for New York eighteen months ago, has returned to the city to take charge of the Wesley Methodist Choir, Dundas street. His return will be a valuable addition to the singing talent of the city and he has been warmly welcomed by his many old friends,

Mr. Roy V. Somerville, who lately sold the Dundas Banner to Mr. A. F. Pirie, formerly editor of the Telegram, has been made general advertising agent of the C. P. R., with head quarters at Montreal. Roy Somerville is one of the brightest young men on the Canadian press, a thorough good fellow, and everyone is glad to hear of his good fortune. The Bunner readers are also fortunate in having Mr. Pirie as their future scribe. His never failing good nature, as well as his ability, will make the Banner a still more pleasant paper to read.

Mr. J. Marvin Briggs, of the Bank of Com-merce, is spending his vacation by taking a trip to Cincinnati O., and Louisville, Ky., returning by way of Washington, Baltimore Philadelphia and New York.

Mrs. E. F. Clarke is in Chicago visiting her ister, Mrs. Otter. Before her marriage Mrs. Otter resided in this city, where her rich contralto voice was well-known and appreciated by concert goers.

Miss Maud Fleming, niece of Hon. Sandford Fleming, is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Frank Fleming of Grosvenor street. Miss Fleming will remain in Toronto during the season.

Messrs, C. P. and A. A. Archbold returned from Europe Wednesday, after an absence of over two months.

Mr. St. John Smith and his sister "Gettie are on a visit to their brother, Wm. H. Smith of Chicago, and while away will visit relatives in Bay City and Grand Rapids, Mich.

A gay company gathered on Wednesday this lady's fair cousins are coming to town for Dennis, Queen street avenue, to witness the marriage of his daughter Lizzie to Mr. Arthur Abbot. Miss Emily Owen was bridesmaid, have given the little lakeside town a reputa- and Mr. James Owen best man. The ceremony tion for beauty, that is surpassed by no place of was performed by Rev. Dr. Thomas of Jarvis street Baptist Church. Among the invited guests were: The Mayor and Mrs. Clarke, Hop. T. W. and Mrs. Anglin, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Score, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sara, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Bingham, Mr. Alex. B. Craig, Mr. and Mrs. A. Dennis, Mr. Geo, S Ewart. Mr. and Mrs. Abbot left the city by the 11 o'clock train for Buffalo and western

> Mrs. John C. Frost of 581 Ontario street and Mrs. H. C. Cochran sailed for Scotland via New York, Thursday, October 10, to spend the win-

On Tuesday, at the residence of Mr. Geo. W. Edgar, Dr. J. F. Gilmour, M.P.P. for West York, was married to Miss Maggie Edgar, daughter of the late John Edgar of this city. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Harper, in the presence of a few relatives and intimate friends. The bride wore an elegantly designed toilette of cream satin merveilleux. The guests were Mrs. John Edgar, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Edgar, Mrs. Gilmour, Dr. and Mrs. Clendenan, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Harper, Miss Plewes, Dr. W. H. Harris, and Mr. H. H. Dewart. Dr. and Mrs. Gilmour left after the wedding breakfast for an extended trip through the Western States and along the Pacific coast,

On Tuesday in St. Mary's Church was solemnized the marriage of Miss Lizzie Higgins and Mr. George Gordon Macpherson. Very Rev. Vicar-General Rooney officiated, assisted by Rev. Father Kiernan. The bridesmald was Miss Mollie Higgins while Mr. J. A. Mac-Beverley street after a three months' trip to donagh supported the groom. Among the Europe. The charming Miss Kennedy was guests from a distance were Mr. and Mrs. James greatly missed by the large circle of friends Macpherson, Mr. and Mrs. William Macpherson and Mr. Charles Cameron of Hamilton.

Mr. F. Tevlotdale has left for his home in | The wedding breakfast was served at the Bracebridge for two months, on account of Queen's Hotel and the young people departed on their wedding journey by a midday train. Mrs. Macpherson was a skilled pianist, having spent some years in the study of music at Leipsic, and her loss will be much felt in musical circles in the city.

> Mrs. Sheraton, wife of the principal of Wycliffe College, entertained the graduates and some of the students at an At Home on Wednesday evening. A most enjoyable time was spent by all. Refreshments were served

Mrs. Kirkland of Jarvis street gave an At Home on Thursday evening.

Cards are out for the marriage of Miss Ince of Grosvenor street, to Mr. Langmuir, which takes place on Wednesday next.

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

On Wednesday afternoon, October 2, a most successful At Home was given at Inglenook by Mrs. J. H. McKeggie who was assisted in receiving her guests by her sister, Mrs. Downey of Whitby and Miss MacLennan of the same place. Those whom I noticed in the drawing-room were Mrs. Andros, Mrs. Dickinson, Mrs. Cotter, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. J. Mockeridge, Mrs. Haughton Lennox, Mrs. D. Holmes, Mrs. McConkey, Mrs. Chas. Ross, Mrs. Jeffry McCarthy, Mrs. J. Forsyth, Mrs. Allan Lloyd, Mrs. Clifford Thomson and others. In the evening an impromptu dance was given for young people. The floor of the room which had been set apart for dancing, being carefully waxed, was all that could be wished by those who indulged in the mazy dance. It was not until the small hours that the guests bade adieu to their hostess. Those who participated in the evening's pleasure were: Mr. and Miss Grace Campbell, Mr. E. Mitchell, Mr. George Esten, the Misses Mason, Mr. Hornsby, Mr. Lauder, Miss Cotter, Miss Spry, Mr. T. R. Boys, Mr. Gillett, Miss Holmes, Miss Forsyth, Mr. A. Giles and Mr. L. McCarthy.

Miss Reiner of the Rectory gave a charming At Home on Thursday evening, October 3. Quite a number of young people were present and all seemed to have an exceedingly pleasant time. Some of the dresses worn were very handsome and much admired. The following were present: Miss Hewett, the Misses Foster, Mr. Geo. Esten, Mr. Alves Boys, Miss Kortright, Mr. F. H. Lauder, Mr. B. and Miss Schreiber, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Miss Brydon, Mr. E. Mitchell, the Misses Mason, Miss Brydon, Mr. E. R. Morton, and Mr. Meeking

The Thespians held a very good meeting recently at the residence of Mrs. D. Spry. The members are contemp

members are contemplating giving a play this season.

Miss Pringle of the Isle of Guernsey, who has been spending a few months with Mrs. Andros of Normanville, left on Monday to return to England. Capt. Andros also intends sailing at the same time for the old country where he purposes spending the winter.

Colonel and Mrs. Roper of North Wales, who have been the guests of Lady Kortright of Hillside for the summer, return home on Monday next. Miss Kortright and Miss Grace Campbell accompany them, the latter is to spend six months with relatives in Edinburgh, Scotland. Their many friends wish them bon voyage.

Mrs. Geo. Raikes and child also leave on Monday, October 14, to sail by the Vancouver and intend spending three months in England.

Mrs. Vansitart has returned home after reporting a few weeks with her eight.

Mrs. Vansittart has returned home after spending a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. Charles Temple of Toronto. OCULAIRE.

BELLEVILLE, Mrs. Sewell has returned to Quebec. Miss Hattie Willson has returned from

Regina.
Miss Mary Falkiner leaves on Friday, October

Miss Mary Falkiner leaves on Friday, October 11, for a visit to friends in Toronto.
Mrs. Casey, Miss Biggar, Miss Maria Biggar and Miss Elliott of Toronto occupied a box in the Opera House at the Reform demonstration in honor of Hon. W. Laurier.
Mrs. E. Guss Porter has gone to Syracuse, N. Y., to visit friends.
Mr. R. Mathison has returned from a business trip to Guelph.
Miss F. Wood of Madoc has been visiting Miss Bella Mathison at the Institute.
The churches of St. Thomas, St. John, and Christ Church have had their harvest festivals.
The sacred edifices were beautifully and taste-

The acred edifices were beautifully and tastefully decorated by the ladies of the respective

ong egations.

Mrs. George held her receptions this week, as well as last week, on account of the very unfavorable state of the weather.

Mr. S. Lazier has removed to his residence in town, purchased from Mr. Thos. Donnelly.

Books Received.

A Hardy Norseman, by Edna Lyall, author of Donovan, We Two, etc. Illustrated edition. William Bryce, publisher, Toronto. Price 25

Sheba and Mr. Strange's Sealed Packet-30 cents each-National Publishing Co.'s Red Letter Series. Mr. Strange's Sealed Packet is an exceedingly clever and interesting story after the Jules Verne and Rider Haggard style.

Hints on Art Silk Needle Work.

Ladies who are interested in this beautiful work should send for a copy of our sixty four page Book entitled: Hints on Art Needle Work, just published, handsomely and profusely illustrated with patterns of many new and beautiful articles, stitches for the new decorative work with our Art Wash Silks now so popular for home fancy work. It also contains a table of sharing for flowers and birds, and much information, valuable and instructive, for those who have a taste for Silk Embroidery Work. Sent free by mail on receipt of six cents in stamps. Belding, Paul & Co., Silk Manufacturers, Montreal.

Art In Dress.

There are indications that the "Box" over-coat will be more worn than us.al, during the coming season. Taylor & Co., Art Tailors, 89 Yonge street.

Where It Would Do Good. Book Canvasser—! have a valuable work here, entitled How to Strengthen the Memory.

here, entitled How to Strengthen the Memory. Can't I sell you a copy?
Householder—Strengthen the memory? No. My memory is all right. But I wish you would call on the man who lives four doors below and tell him I told you to call. I lent him \$5 three months ago, and he said he'd pay me on the following Saturday night. I haven't seen the money vet, and his memory must be in a terrible condition. He should have a copy of your book at once.

A Born Book Agent.

There is a marvellous girl in Lake Village, N. H. The other day she was playing at home with a rope around her neck. The house was struck by lightning and, as the story goes, the rope was destroyed by the electric current, but the child escaped uninjured. A month ago the same girl was struck and thrown into a ditch by the locomotive of an express train, but was not hurt.

LATEST WALTZES

FOR YOU-on Sydney Smith's Song... (May Ostlerc) 600 FIDDLE AND I-on Goodeve's Song... (Otto Roeder) 600 MIA BELLA(Otto Roeder) 600 SUNSHINE AND STADE (Theo. Bonheur) 600 LOVE'S GOLDEN DREAM (250,000 so'd) "

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OPPOSITE THE ROSSIN HOUSE,

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Novelty Dress Goods and Trimmings DISPLAY OF

PATTERN HATS AND BONNETS

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Sent by registered post to any address in Canada on receipt of price and size; which includes a handsome box. Address J. FRED WOLTZ, Diamond Briker, 41 Colborne street, Teronto, Canada. SCARFS

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SEE OUR PRICES

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. ROSS & 00 ROOM 1, D 57 ADELAIDE REET EAST, TORONTO.

HES

and Retail

The Actor's Dream.

For Saturday Night.

Five minutes once saved and changed my Don't interrupt! I wouldn't have started if I hadn't intended telling you the story.

A few years age-never mind how far back-I was acting star parts with a company that was on the road at the time; it was a wellknown combination then, although it's forgot ten now-besides, I do not care to resurrect it. so I ll leave its name alone. Well, I was leading n an; my wife took leading lady parts, and between us both the manager made pretty

We had not been married long. We were playing Romeo and Juliet at the time, when I was startled one night by noticing how ill my little wife looked. I could tell she felt ill, too; so after we left the boards that night I went off for a doctor.

"Complete rest! No more acting yet awhile! and she'll soon come round. Let her spend

more time with her baby boy."

Ah! I knew I'd forget something, and repeating the words of the doctor has reminded me that a few weeks prior to the doctor's visit hopelessly worn as to fingers and aggravatingly my wife had become a mother. With the presentable as to the long wris's. Now those words of my medical adviser ringing in my ears I hastened to the manager.

"Mr. Robertson," I blurted out, "you must change your bill! Juliet is too unwell to perform to-morrow night!"

enough time over your wife already! See here! I tell you what it is, Juliet takes her cue to morrow night or you and your delicate baggage go!" And he turned away grumb-ling in a series of oaths that I was well used to. You mustn't think I was a coward! Heaven

knows I would have done anything-but go. Ah! I knew only too well what that meant. I had not traveled this life as a Thespian long before I found out what going meant; beggary and starvation were before me in their giant forms, and frightened me into submission. With a beating heart I told my wife, pro-

testing as I spoke against her acting. I can recall so clearly how she insisted, "She was quite well!" "She never felt better!" "Of course she would take her part," and so on, till she wrung a regretful consent from me. With a horrible dread I watched her through her oblige me to forego that pleasure, and until I can loving speeches; Juliet herself could not have moved her Romeo more, and with all my passions surging and swelling within me, I re-

Down at last went the curtain on an enthusiastic audience, and down fell my wife. Then she was in my arms, but she, my sweet wife, had fled, for I held but her corpse next my breast. How much, then, would I have given to be able to lie down beside her-my sweet one-and die. But peace was not for me; anger and passion were no good against a callous manager; brutal remarks were the only satisfaction I could obtain. Insane with grief, stupid and well worn out, I consented, for peace's sake to act on the following night, but begged for Hamlet, and with an eye to business the manager assented.

To me, now years after, everything is plain; but then all things were in a mist, I walked as one in a dream, I knew not what I did. And yet next night I strode across the green carpet and declaimed my favorite part to an audience that appeared to be half crazy with enthusiasm; never in all my life did I so enthrall them. And then came the thought to me-as I lay reclining on the paltry sofa, watching the strolling players reciting their set parts (while before mine eyes dimmed with tears, rose my little wife and her boy, safe now, in his mother's arms), then came the thought to me, of release, of suicide; I too would join them; would seek that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns!"

Quickly on my last exit, I found a knife to replace the toy I usually made use of; scornfully I threw the old property aside, as I looked gold.

Just a few moments now and the property and a little case for a thimble. If one has man would be calling me. On went my busy hand. On! on! sharper and sharper grew the blade. Soon it grew brighter and brighter! avoided; and besides the little basket is larger and larger! until I felt I was in the dainty, and we all like dainty touches in our midst of its light; and lo! the stage had van-Ye Gods! I was home! Back again to the old vicarage I had run away from in the

The chimes in the church close by were ringing out their old sweet message, Rock of Ages, and each bell seemed to be struggling to speak to me individually. So! I have returned on a Sunday, methought! and then thro' the trees, down the same old path, came my father, with the same old sermon case under his arm, and in his hand a bunch of violets. Where is the mother? I queried. Perhaps one of the boys is all! Ah! good God! What fresh grave is that? Why does the old governor place those violets there so tenderly? Let me look! Let me see! Sacred to the memory! sacred to the!— Oh! mother! method: a method were ringing out their old sweet message, Rock of Ages, and action for the matter of the workaday dress Fashion is rather more indulgent as to variety of shapes and materials than in her demands for other equally as important that the business attire of the workaday dress Fashion is rather more indulgent as to variety of shapes and materials than in her demands for other equally as important that the business attire of the workaday dress Fashion is rather more indulgent as to variety of shapes and materials than in her demands for other equally as important that the business attire of the workaday dress Fashion is rather more indulgent as to variety of shapes and materials than in her demands for other equally as important that the business attire of the workaday dress Fashion is rather more indulgent as to variety of shapes and materials than in her demands for other equally as important that the business attire of the workaday dress Fashion is rather more indulgent as to variety of shapes and materials than in her demands for other and materials than in her demands for other and materials than in her demands for other and materials than in his apparent. How can a man maintain a reputation for taste in dress if his apparent. How can a man maintain a reputation for taste in dress if his apparent. How can a man maintain a reputation for taste in dress if his apparent were and more ornate occasions. And yet it is eq years before. Sacred to the memory! sacred to the! Oh! mother! mother! surely I read wrong!

On went the pater into church, thro' the vestry door and on followed I, wondering, All through the hymn I stood amazed! all

through the litany-leaning up against a pillar. Then came the sermon. Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden,

and I will give you rest.

Rest! yes! that was what I wanted-my

father was surely speaking to me. Yes! he was addressing me-me alone. It was the story of the prodigal son.

Then the young man made up his mind to go home! to be a man-to be brave-to be straightforward-and he said in his heart as he

did when he met his father."
"'Father I will return-but I am no more worthy to be called thy son.' Aye! and his father, as would I there the dear old voice trembled), rejoiced, and welcomed him, for

great was his love for his boy." Then a feeling of deep penitence filled my soul, and I tried to speak, but as I uttered the word : Father-I felt a shake.

I was back-it was a dream-the knife was on the floor-the property man was calling me by name—the British public were being kept

That five minutes saved me. I finished the play-but next day saw me tramping home.

Serenade.

For Saturday Night: Sweet Deborah open your violet eyes, And list while my love I tell, I voice but the longir gs in tender wise,

That deep in my bosom dwell.

Tis true the blue violets hide themselves In lushest of meadow grass, But I trow they peep as the tripping elves Through the shimmering moonlight pass

The gauzy-winged butterfly hovers near them, And their odorous breathing sips,
While the tremulous dew-drooping pliant stem
Bids him steal from the honeyed lips.

Then Deborah how can you still decry By your manner such innocent blise,
Surely harm doth not lie in the glace of an eye, Nor yet in a lover's kise.

Fashion Chatter.

DEAR MOLLIE,-Did you ever have a pair of gloves which were dear to your heart, but hopelessly worn as to fingers and aggravatingly pretty soft undressed kid wrists will make the daintiest little bags imaginable. Cut one of the wrists off just at the opening for the hand, sew the top together half an inch from the edges, and cut the extra half inc i into strips "Nonsense! All d—d nonsense! Wasted for fringe, line the top with bright silk and draw with a ribbon to match. Boot buttons, glove buttons, cotton and needles or manicure implements will find a cosy resting place there; and when you are traveling this little bag will prove a treasure for carrying money or jewelry which you don't want in your pocket, and which you will likely feel arxious about it it be in your trunk. Perhaps you are not afflicted with the craze for bags, but they are so convenient, will bear so much packing and wear so well that I prefer them to boxes for carrying the little "must have"."

Do you not think the present priscilla is a rather ungainly receptacle for the etceteras we are obliged to carry about? I admit they will contain an astonishing number of parcels; and that they can be folded and put away in one's oblige me to forego that pleasure, and until I can find a small, leather shopping bag to exactly suit me, I intend to carry an interesting assortment in my one pocket; though I groan mentally when I am forced to travel the whole depth for a penknife or eraser.

It was with some amusement that I read recently of an English author who papered the walls of his house with brown wrapping paper. He saw no beauty in the ordinary wall-paper, and I do not much wonder at that; though it seen s to me that wrapping paper would not be a great improvement. The ingrain papers in solid colors, with handsome two-shade borders picked out with gold, are my ideal wall-hangings. They form an excellent back-ground for pictures, and give a room a look of elegance, which is wanting when the walls are a mass of curved lines, and unnatural specimens of the floral kingdom in hateful colors.

Just now tartans are to the front-the very front. The fashion is English, and because the Queen's grand-daughter married a Scotch nobleman, the tartans we must have. They are pretty, bright, and look comfortable which three points are much in their favor; but tartans have such an aggravating fashion of settling themselves into one's mind, that long before a dress is worn out, every line and color is a fixture in the brain.

How pretty the little side combs look in the hair. There are so many sizes and shapes of them, and they are made of such various materials, that every fancy, purse and color of hair should be suited. The prettiest I have seen are of amber, but they look well in silver, oxydized silver, steel, tortoiseshell, jet, coral or

A pretty little spool basket is made by lining tenderly at my new stage effect, and then I recollect, I sat down, adding to the glisten of the knife by rubbing it against my leather that the knife by rubbing it against my leather than the same of the quaint little Japanese ones with bright silk, making tiny bags for odds and ends, a strap for scissors, a cushion for needles, Your sincere friend,

CLIP CAREW.

For Business.

guite as momentous a task as the procureme of the evening attire.

Man wants that little here below And wants that little good.

He will find it in a handsome business suit

lected from the choice fabrics of Henry A. Tav lor, the Fashionab'e West End Tailor, Rossii Henre Block



"Polly want a cracker?"-Time.

Need'ess A'arm. Sentry—Stop! Who goes there? Country-woman (with a large basket;—You needn't be afraid; I sha'n't hust you.

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Hen some Embroidered ing at \$5.90 to \$8.90 the diess—a pec'al value

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ARWAND'S HAIR STORE, 407 Your





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Rosenbaum's Bazaar, 159 King St. East and will be disposed of at great reductions. Camp Beds, Tennis, Barquets, Balls, Nets and Shoes, Boxing Gloves, Fishing Tackle, etc., in great variety.

Have now opened 250 cases of British and Foreign Novelties for the Early Fall Trade, corsisting of Silks, Vel. ets, Plushes, French Dress Goods Farcy Flant els, Lace Goods, Dress Trimmings, Fancy Ribbons, Mantles, Jackets, Ulsters, Wraps, Children's Mantles, Shawls, Skirts, Corseis, Children's Dresses and Fancy Goods of every description. Early inspection invited by

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99 Yonge Street

Are now showing a magnificent range of BOAS and MUFFS in BEAR and all fashionable furs.

at \$15 are the best ever offered in the city at the price.

Our Large Full Black Boas

Seal Mantles and Walking Jackets ARE OUR SPECIALTY

We guarantee a PERFECT FIT, and use only the best material in their manu-

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This is the most perfect-fitting and

comfortable corset in the market. Crompton Corset Co'v

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Broche Combinations Royal Venetian Cloths

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Our Specialty.

Estimates Furnished.

Our Modiste has just returned from New York, where she has procured the latest styles and some of the newest ideas in Dresses, Dress Materials, &c.





Prices Moderate

Hindoo Twills

BEAUTIFUL WIVES. TWO

By HELEN M. MERRILL.

[For Saturday Night]

"My beautiful, brown-eyed blossoms; fair, it ward home, quite determined to see the young lady again very soon. Night after night, he haunted theater and opera-filtring from one place of amusement to another wherever he fancied he might chance

"My beautiful, brown-eyed blossoms; fair, little daisies. Some day they will place you above me among the green mosses, and I shall never see again the bright sunshine upon your sweet faces."

And a frail and almost transparent little hand reached out to touch the snowy flowers. A sofa placed near a window was piled with dainty pillows, and on them a beautiful woman lay dying. The mellow autumn sunshine shone in through tilting vines, lighting her golden curls and her fair violet eyes and touching with gentle caresses her pale cheeks and lips. "Hush, darling, hush!" and Lenoblet Frechette touched the soft, fragrant petals of a full-blown pink rose to the lips of his young wife, but after a brief pause she spoke again: "Lenoblet!"

"Lenoblet!"
"Well, dear?"
"There is something I wish to tell you; will
you not be displeased with me when you hear

Mona, my love, displeased with you! Why,

"Mona, my love, displeased with you! Why, no; a thou-sand times no!"

"Well, then," she began, hesitatingly, "I've been thinking that it would be ever so much easier to leave you if I knew that you would never love anyone else—I mean never marry again. Forgive me! It seems selfish, but you know I love you so!" And two soft, white arms were clasped about his neck; his tears falling gently upon the golden curls.

"My Mona," he murmured, "the sweetest flower of the garden is mine—I shall never love again!"

Day by day he tenderly cared for her. But Day by day he tenderly caret for her. Dat in October when the leaves were fading, and scarce a wild flower bloomed on the hillside, she died in his arms, near the open casement, where the pale moonlight was shining in where the pale moonlight was shining in through tangles of leafless vines. The wind came moaning through the night

The wind came moaning through the night like a sorrowing spirit, and the mournful cry of a lonely whip-poor-will floated over the meadow. Closed forever were the sweet, violet eyes; the pale lips hushed in silence. And ere the week ended, they laid the beautiful Mona away to rest in the little trellised plot beneath the maples.

Early the next morning when the dawn came stealing in from the cast, Lenoblet awakened from a short and troubled sleep. His eyes rested at first on the bright blossoms in the window, and then wandered away to a painting of Mona in her bridal gown. The dim light from a side window faintly glimmered in the deep recess of the gilded frame where shadows were playing, and a gentle tremor seemed to stir the soft folds of the silken robe.

tremor seemed to stir the soft loads of the silken robe.

"Oh! Mona, Mona, where are you gone, darling?" he cried; and suddenly a gentle flutter filled the air, and a bird perched on a gitt flower pendent from the frame. It was one of her pets, and it had come to sing to him in the early dawn. It filled the room with its sweet, liquid notes, which went to his heart and vibrated in every nerve, paining so keenly with the deep wound that he thought he must surely die.

Out into the garden he hurried; down among

Out into the garden he hurried; down among the leafless rose vines and beyond into the maples where the dead leaves were lying golden drifts along the narrow foot-paths,

"I cannot endure this," he exclaimed, passing his hand several times over his hotow "If I stay here I shall die; not a bird, not a leaf, not a sound but reminds me of vou. Mora. Oh! where are you, darling!" and walked slowly along under the trees where some small, grey wood birds were chirping, and on to the little plot where lay a pretty mound ridged inch deep with mosses.

He linzered in the shadow of the maples for some time, till the sun lighted the golden leaves and the sweet matin chimes floated up from the quaint little church down by the river side. Then turning slowly away he went back to the house.

Madame Frechette, an aunt of his, a sweet, motherly old lady who had come to the Villa during Mona's illness, met him on his way in, and drawing him into the cheery library expressed a desire to travel during the winter; and yielding to her persuasions, Lenoblet promised to accompany her.

So the first week of November found them sailing over the ocean toward the old world. After traveling from place to place till early in looked like a nymph from some forest pool, as sheknelt before a mirror, trailing a spray of

held it, a beautiful captive.

There is nothing in all the world more truly delightful to a naturalist than the fluding of

There is nothing in all the world more fruly delightful to a naturalist than the fluding of some new and perfect specimen—a downy, fluttering butterfly.

On his way homeward, while turning a street corner on the ou skirts of the town, a dark and beautiful maiden emerged from a bower of vines and lemon trees, and walked quietly on before him. Close in her footsteps followed a stern-looking duenna, glancing neither to right nor to left, but keeping her eyes ever before her on her fair charge, whose form was like that of some Greek goddess.

"Castor and Pollux! What hair—what eyes!" Lenoblet exclaimed under his breath. Never since his lovely Mona died had he seen a face like this: whose sweet, girlish beauty, sweeping in like a flood of trembling sunbeams stirred the numbed pulses of his wounded heart—and scarce knowing what he did, he followed up one street and down another, till attracted by a pitiful cry, the signora turned from the walk into a garden. Near the entrance stood a wee child—her dalty gown tangled among the sharp thorns of a blossoming vine.

"Mamma, mamma, "she solbed trying" winds were its spell away unheeded from her shoulders as she drew close to the lovely pool—a thousand little moonbeams danced over her pale and shining silk, and caressed her dimpled gleaming arms—verify she seended a naiad about to glide away into the stilly water.

Peering into the very heart of the fountain, thus she stood, unmindful of aught else in all the wide, wide world: till suddenly a ripple seemed to stir and tremble over its gleaming bosom; a shadow drifted near, and the charm was broken.

Nina trembled and turned to pick up the lace with Lenoblet. He caught up one of her caught up one of her signora—Nina—I love you!" he exclaimed but the broke away crying:

"Oh you shouldn't have come here!" and swaited her. did, he followed up one street and down another, till attracted by a pitiful cry, the signora turned from the walk into a garden. Near the entrance stood a wee child—her dainty gown tangled among the sharp thorns of a blossoming vine.

dainty gown tangled among the sharp thorns of a blossoming vine.
"Mamma, mamma!" she sobbed, trying again to free her garment from the clinging thorns. The beautiful lady with the shining curls and the floating lace, approached; and carefully drawing away the white folds one by one. till the pretty dress was free again, stooped and kissed the velvety cheeks of the little one, placed a couple of large pale, blossoms in her baby hands, and bade her run indoors to mamma.

doors to mamma.

Lenoblet lingered near and just as the ladies passed from the garden, the older one caught sight of him, frowned and followed on still closer to the fair girl. Afraid of attracting fur-ther notice, he then turned for the second time

o see her.
One evening at the end of the third week,

quite discouraged, he accepted an invitation to the home of a friend; and while making his way through the gay throng gathered there, he discovered at last, the beautiful signora!

She was listening to a blue eyed foreigner elating an interesting adventure he had lately ad among the moun ains in Southern France, he leaned a little forward, her red lips slightly She leaned a little forward, her red lips slightly parted, showing a gleaming row of perfect pearls. Her cheeks, soft and clear and olivetinted, brightened with a vivid blush whenever a thrilling incident was introduced by the narrator.

Lenoblet placed his hand on his friend's arm and stood still, his eyes resting the while on the fair face among the crimson blossoms in the window.

vindow.
"Who is she?" he asked. And just as her name was spoken, the girl looked toward him
—their eyes met—and Nina, as she drew back
among the cool, blooming vines to hide the
blush that burned upon her cheek, felt the glad
spirit of a new life creep like a delicious dream
dwas birts bers soul deep into her soul.

A dainty girl with roguish eyes, and lips like red, red cherries was leaning against a tilted branch of soft, green foliage telling to a group of eager listeners a pretty legend of a spring hidden away among the rocks and shrubsdown

of eager listeners a pretty legend of a spring hidden away among the rocks and shrubsdown near the shore.

"A long, long time ago, a beautiful maiden lived with her grandmother in a cot in yonder grove," she said, pointing northward. "Well, one day a landscape painter, chancing to pass that way, discovered her plucking golden blossoms from a great, coiling vine, and straightway lost his heart to her." Here she bestowed a distracting smile upon a curly-haired youth standing not far away, who had been her devoted admirer for two whole months.

"Of course grannie objected," she continued, "and had a great deal to say about it; but they had discovered this lovely little spring during one of their morning rambles, and agreed now to meet each other there. But at last Antonio was called away. By and-by, Marietta received a note from an aunt of his, leading her to believe that her lover was false. She ran off to the spring to read it, and as she read the lines the second time to assure herself of their reality, the day gwey dark and all the

read the lines the second time to assure herself of their reality, the day grew dark and all the sweet wild flowers vanished—Marietta with a cry of pain had reeled and fallen into the foun-

In.
Legend tells us she took the form of a "Legend tells us she took the form of a beautiful naiad, and one night when her lover returned to the spring in search of her, a shining form rose for a moment to its gloomy bosom, and a silvery voice sang to him through the shadow "A rivederla, A rivederla!" Antonio died broken hearted and was buried near the fountain; and every moonlight night a maid comes from the water to drop a silver tear upon his grave."

Tears were shining in her eyes as she concluded, but she blinked them away and with a merry twinkle added:

winter; and yielding to her persuasions, Lenoblet promised to accompany her.

So the first week of November found them sailing over the ocean toward the old world. After traveling from place to place till early the sailing over the ocean toward the old world. After traveling from place to place till early the sail of the spring. A first departed in an elegant gown on place murald, and there remain until the time came to return a tree lavished so much beauty everywhere, and there remain until the time came to return to the once happy home across the sea.

Lenoblet was much pleased with Madame's plans, and never wearied trying to make her sojourn b; the beautiful Mediterranean a very pleasant one.

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The day it is a state of the western hill, Nina attred in an elegant gown of place the western hill, Nina attred in an elegant gown of the was much pleased with Madame's plans, and never wearied trying to make her sojourn b; the beautiful Mediterranean a very pleasant one.

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Lenoblet was much pleased with Madame's plans, and never wearied trying to make her sojourn b; the beautiful Mediterranean a very pleasant of the metal plans of the plans of

The witchery of the moonlight wove its spell about her, and the dark, filmy lace slipped

awaited her.

An hour later, Lenoblet stood in the viny window among the blossoms awakening a medley of thrilling minor chords from an old mandolina.

Then he sang—it was a sad song; a farewell to a loved one; and Lenoblet's first tones were tremulous; but he soon stilled his emotion, saying to himself, "No more of this! See loves you: you know she does."

his! She loves you; you know she does," Then his voice rose sweet and clear, and while he interpreted the closing verses with a pathos that dimmed many an eye. he glanced over at Nina. He saw her soft, dusky eyes fill with tears—sa v a bright blush creep into her cheek; and before he had ended she slipped out among

She touched her warm face to a cluster of cool, white blossoms, and shining tears gathered like pearls to the hearts of the flowers on which they fell.

She wondered if their friendship was ended—if he would ever come to her again.

The moonlight seemed to burn into her cheeks, a feeling of loneliness came over her spirit and her volce sounded as in a dream:

"Nina, Nina—poor Nina!" and she pressed her little white fingers to her eyes to keep back the tears. Then looking seaward, she saw the great suil, but the sombre shadow had fallen and the sail was snining in the bright glow of the moon.

the moon. Just then somebody said in a voice clear and "Nina."
And oh! it came to her like a gleam of sun-

hine bursting in upon the night.

Love was not all a myth—Lenoblet had not ested at the naiad's spring.

The fountain playing near the flowers seemed to repeat the sweet sound; a world of tender-ness and love breathed in that one little word— "Nina."

The night-birds and the balmy wind, the

murmur of the waves and the tiny trills of insects, all seemed to echo it far and near. Lenoblet had come to her out in the moon-

light
"Nina," he repeated, in a voice sweet and
tremulous; "Nina, I love you. Will you be my

tremulous; "Nina, I love you. Will you be my wife?"

Turning, she placed her little hands in his, and he whispered, half bewildered by the glad truth:

"Ah, my love, you do love me!"

And the great, white roses and a wee bird among the olive leaves alone heard the words breathed to ears that burned as his lips touched hers.

At home again by the blue St, Lawrence, Lenoblet never wearied visiting with his fair, young wife the many beauties of woodland and stream. The pleasant September days glided dreamily away and bright October came. The vines, that coiled about the white pillars of the villa burned like flame wreaths in the mellow sunshine, and a family of sparrows flitting to and fro from one column to another, seemed like great fluffy cinders floating from the burning garlands.

During the summer months the elegant halls had been transformed into a modern fairyland. Tapestries, plushes and laces were seen everywhere; but none were so handsome as those in Nina's apartments. On the floor of her boudoir lay an exquisite carpet of pearl gray

Tapestries, plushes and laces were seen everywhere; but none were so handsome as those
in Nina's apartments. On the floor of her
boudoir lay an exquisite carpet of pearl gray
velvet, sprinkled with sprays of delicate pink
blossoms, entwined with tendrils of palest
emerald. The divans and easy chairs were of
some pale-pink fabric, soft as cygnet down,
decora ed with gold. The curtains of silk were
like the carpet in pattern and color; and where
they fell apart within the elegant windows,
dainty receptacles were hangling, bright with a
profusion of pink and white blossoms.

A thrilling, liquid trill at times proceeded
from the curtained recesses of one of the south
windows. A golden-colored bird, tilting in the
sunshine on its ivory perch, alone disturbed
the quiet of this restful retreat.

Lenoblet and Nina were very happy. One
evening, toward the middle of October, when
the leaves were lying in golden drifts along the
winding paths beneath the old maples, Leno
blet, coming late from town, vaulted 'he low
fence at the south, and followed one of the
narrow paths leading up through the grove.

Alas' he suddenly recollected the anguish of
his heart when last he wandered there in the
gray dawn of that desolate autumn morning so
long ago. Slowly he walked on toward the
little plot by the stream. This was his first
visit here since his return—surely he was
strong enough to bear it now. But again he
felt the bitter pain; and like a haunting spirit,
the promise he had made and broken arose before him.

The evening was dreary, and the wind
sighed in the dead foliage still clinging to the
gray branches. A chattering squirrel chanced
to cross his path; he heard the rustling of the
golden leaves; and suddenly, pale and frug'e
as she was on that starry night when she oi d
in his arms, his beautiful Mona glided from out
the shadows.

the shadows.

She regarded him for a moment with a world

the shadows.

She regarded him for a moment with a world of sorrow and gentle reproach in her tender, violet eyes; he rushed forward to touch her; but the moon brightened among the ritted clouds, the lovely vision vanished, and Lenoblet found himself clinging to a rugged branch overhanging the pathway.

From his pillow all the long watch of the night he saw the clouds and the stars move in silence from one height to another up the blue sky; but he looked in vain for the pale beautiful face among the shadows.

Early in the morning, ere the dewdrops had been sipped away from the faded foliage by the thirsty little sunbeams. Nina went out into the garden. Softly she glided to and fro, plucking velvety white violets from beds of late blossoms out on the lawn. The pale flowers had never seemed so human-like, and she touched her lips to their cool dewy cheeks, thinking the while of the lovely child she once freed from the cruel thorns, for Lenoblet had told her it was then he first saw her.

On her return she gathered from near the fountain a cluster of sweet blue violets for Lenoblet, and went on into the library, where she had left him, looking pale and tired, a little while earlier.

The soft white blossoms were peeping through

And the milk-white blossoms? Shall I seal in silence their fate, or continue to the end? A silver mounted revolver, closed in a death-clasp, might best reveal it! Scattering toward the window, some fell shining like snow flakes on the dark velvet of the carpet, and the others were crimsoned by the life blood of him who had gone to find that pale, beautiful face among the shadows!

And yonder by the little silver stream which ripples in among the maples and on down to

and younger by the little silver stream which ripples in among the maples and on down to the blue St. Lawrence, beneath the green mosses, gleaming with white violets and golden-eyed daisies, side by side in the little trellised plot are sleeping through storm and sunshine—Lenoblet Frechette's two beautiful

How to Take a Walk.

How to Take a Walk.

Of all the cheap and simple aids to health and happiness, there is nothing that equals the long walk, taken for its own sake, with no special period fixed for reaching a particular destination and no desperate necessity of returning at a certain hour.

The constant measuring of time to which we are all more or less addicted, is really a very great tax on the nerves and memory. We are all more or less addicted in the control of the

great tax on the nerves and memory. We are obliged to count moments so frequently that it

Slow Progress.



Mr. Hallback-It's no use, wife. Here I've paid out two hondred dollars for Maria's musicons, an' now if she can't play better than that it's time she stopped!—Judge.

lessons, an' now if she can't play better than that it's ti ne s've stopped !-Judge.

you enjoy. To force yourse!! to wa'k slowly or rapidly is foclish. You will na'urally be guided by your own possibilities in the maiter. For this reason a walk for health is often more beneficial when taken alone. A companion who flies along, or one who leags, may be equally irritating, and irritation will undeall the good effects of a walk such as the one of which I am speaking.

Above all, never take with you a person who continually reminds you that "you ought to be home before such at time, because," etc., etc. Do not go out to think, to solve a problem, to make a decision; keep that sort of work for indoors. People think better on their backs, or doubled up at a table with their chins in their palms. Forget yourself—your new dress that does not fit; your old house that want braint, paper and carpets; little Peter, who will not study; the cross word that was uttered at breakfast time; the enemy who backbites you; the fried torned cold; the delinquent debtor; the anxious creditor; your next birthday. Empty your heart of memories of the past and fears of the future—that is, if you can—and resolve to live for two or three hours in the corner, the name of the past and handsomest street, and do not disdain to pause before shop windows. Note, if you will, something you wish by doing ever so little shopping.

It will sound nore practical to say that you wish by doing ever so little shopping.

It will sound nore practical to say that you wish by doing ever so little shopping.

It will sound nore practical to say that you wish to hop you mist of duries you have placed that of now and then taking a walk for the walk's sake, the better for yourself. Besides, in doing this you set a good example and preach a little sermon that all women should hear.

To Correspondents.

To Correspondents.

ondents will address-"Correspondence Column, ATURDAY NIGHT Office. !

Saturday Night Office.!

Breve, Dougl s.—Do you mean a friend or an acquaintance? The words are so often used carelessly. I. In a real
friendship, circumstances might easily allow the request to
be made wi hour impropriety, but the initiatory move as to
exchange of photographs is usually made by the gentleman.
2 Not in the country or on a country road, in the city
decidedly so. 3 You have artistic taste, a calm persevering,
paisstaking nature, and a love of the beautiful. You are
reticent, self-possessed and capable of forming lasting
friendships.

Iriendables.

JARMINE, Toronto.—The hair is light brown. Different pens and different positions of the hand aff of the writing. Practics movem nt of the Iricarm in writing—muscle movement. Do not try to imitate others, be yourself is all things; learn to adopt ideas, but never slavishly copy then. Pimples are caused by impure blood. idet, regular bathing and exercise will prevent them, but if they appear just when you are particularly anxious your face should look well, a little spirits of turpentine will scatter but not cure them.

BRIT A., Stratford. - Kinsas City.

BRDE NELLIS, Woodstock.—You are impulsive, warm-parted, generous. You have a fondness for practical jok-g, and show decided eleverness and cunning in carrying

MAUDE V., Ingersoll.—Same as above.

ANITA B., Woodstock.—Your writing shows a genial dis-position, a thoughtful nature and a love of fun. You are delf-relient and reserved. R R., Woodstock. - Essentially the same as above.

F. R. S. D., Detroit.—You are a careful thinker, pru lent, esteeming worth rather than mere show. Agreeable, I hould think; not easily roused, but possessing a will and emper new rheless. Lapulsive, warm-hearted, ambitious, elf-reliart, self-esteeming—a pleasant companion, rather

fiskle.

W. N., Foronto.—The rate of exchange varies. Some will take American currency at full value, others refuse it a together, while its acceptance at any discount is not compulsory.

Lucua L.—Address simply Secretary of Public School Trustee Board; and Lady Principal of the sisters you men-

He Hedged.

He Hedged.

"Isn't it glorious weather?" he said to the man on his left on the street car platform.

"I will look into the matter and see," was the quiet reply.

"Say, your liver is out of order," continued the other. "Take some blue mass at once."

'That was a rather queer conversation," observed a passenger who had overheard it, after the liver-ailing man had got off.

"Oh, I had to hedge," replied the other.

"After I had spoken of the weather I recognized him as a lawyer. He was going to write an opinion and send me a bill. I'm a doctor and so I gave him medical advice as an offset."

—Detroit Free Press.

Fast Traveling.

Horse Dealer-I warrant this horse sound and kind.
Possible Buyer—How about speed!
"Speed! Well, I'll tell you. Oid man Grimes died the other day—died rich, you know—and it was understood that his will was to be read at the house after the force in warrant.

at the house after the funeral was over. sir, I was out on the road with this horse that day, and hang me if I didn't beat the Grimes family back from the cemetery."—N. Y. Weekly.

The Kicker Gets Square

The Kicker Gets Square

We have ascertained that it was Col. Kehoe who started the story that we had the proprietor of the Red Star Saloon lynched by a moblast week in order to avoid paying him a liquor bill of \$18. We encountered the colonel in Davis' livery barn yesterday, grabbed him by the throat and backed him against the heels of a stage mule and between us and the mule the colonel received a drubbing which will last him a lifetime. He acknowledged that he was a liar, slanderer and thief and that his course towards us was actuated by personal spite. At that very moment he had on our second-best undershirt, our Sunday necktie, and the pantaloons that we never wear except on holidays, and was in debt to us for many other favors.

As to the lynching, we suggested it because great tax on the nerves and memory. We are obliged to count moments so frequently that it behooves us to cease from the operation whenever it is possible to let ourselves rest. Punctuality is a virtue, of course; a point of honor where work is on hand. The two long, black, hateful fingers of the clock, 'he two irritating little digits of the watch, are always warning us that we must not linger; but now and then—cnee a week, at least—let the woman who can and may, say, "Time was made for slaves," and go out for a walk.

A hot day, a very cold day or a very muddy day are not favorable to the walker. Rubber shoes makes one's feet like lead and grow unwholesomely damp. Tempera'e breez:s and a softened sky are desirab'e. The walker's clothes should not be heavy. Fashion, fortunately, has lightened woman's skirts of late. The boots should be comfortable, with very moderate heels; and let the pace be the one

Tommy-That's all right. Ma says that I Tommy—That's all right. Ma says that I and her are going to live with you six moaths out of the year, to see if we can't use up some of that two per cent, a month interest money you are pulling in every day. My ma is up to date, and you'll find Molly is no two-for-a-cent girl either, if she does wear specs.—New York Weekly.

Characteristic.

The ocean steamer was speeding along when a gigantic leeberg hove in sight. The passen-gers crowded the bulwarks to see and admire

"What do you think of that?" said the Eng lishman to the American.
"Wa'all," was the reply, "I should say there were no flies on it."—Boston Courier.

The Church And Society.

Now churches are a very important part of social machinery. It is well known that there is nothing in this country which will bring one into social life so quickly and so respectably as a close attendance upon church services and connection with church work. No matter how apparent may be the object, the eyes of society seem to close to the lact of such transparent hypocrisy. Indeed, a shrewd minister could readily tell the parvenus from the old families, just from the one fact of agerness in church matters. It is a sad thing, but old families do not seem to be very earnest in hard work. They lend the countenance of their approval ofttimes, and accept the parvenu because of the labor taken olf their shoulders. Of course there are many in a church who work from a there are many in a church who work from a conscientious motive. These are very quiet and unostentatious in their manner of work ing. Only the clergy man knows of their efforts.
But those who rarely fail to attend church services—it is a shame to say it, but it seems true—have frequently some ulterior object not connected with Christianity. In fact, Christianity with most people is only a makeshift, a sort of staving off the rigors of another world by a half devotion in this. How contemptible thus religion is, only a keen-sighted clergyman can

But St. Mam non's was a church whose one great object was to get on well in the world. Not that there were no true people there, who would have done the Lord's service willingly if would have done the Lord's service willingly if they had had a guide; but the great m jority thought about nothing but appearing well in the world. To appear well to most people means to belong to a church. If one does not belong, no matter how highly cultivated, no matter how honest, no matter how noble, he is not what he ought to be in the eyes of his pious brethren, who attend church Sunday morning brethren, who attend church Sunday morning with great regularity, but who forget as soon as they leave the sacred edifice that they have Christian duties, However, the people of St Mammon's deemed themselves very good in

Mammon's deemed themselves very good indeed. They gave a great deal of money to charitable objects.

But St. Mammon's Church had a wide field of action. It dominated asolety at Dene. Nearly all the fashionable people belonged to it. The other leading churches were, it is true, older, but being higher in doctrine it was harder to be sufficiently pious in them without being at the same time greatly inconvenienced.

EDWARD S. DE G. TOMPKINS, in An Honest Hypocrite. Hypocrite.

How to Arrange a Raid.

Municipal dignitary (to police officials)—Order the force to have everything in readiness for a descent on the gambling houses to night. Police Official (to subordinate officer)—Tell the men to get ready for a raid on the gambling places to night.

aces to night. Subordinate Officer (to squad of police) Boys, be around here about eleven o'clock. We are ordered to make a haul of the gambling

houses.
Policeman (to gambler)—Jurry, we're goin' to raid ye about midnight. Tell the byes.

BEECHAM'S PILLS Cure BILIOUS and Nervous ILLS. 25cts. a Box.

my gla encugh eyes wo met my a brief i "I die thing w I thou there, t ground, grasping eyes see look abo under a spoke.
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"Whateve They ought hour ago," c later, as I sa the table for She came to towar towar won't to gre won't t

That Dark Young Man.

A sultry July Saturday was approaching a close. Ihe routine of baking, preserving, securing, sweeping and dusting had been very wearisome, and it was with a sigh of relief that I at last flung myself into a low rocker on the veranda and gave myself up to a restful contemplation of the foothills which printed their rugged outlines against the sky half a mile away, and looked like some beleaguered acre in this midsummer month with manifold Spanish daggers standing up in spectral array, tall, white, and motionless on their summits.

Ere scorehing suns had come to blast the wild flowers and beautiful foliage of the trees, these hills had been my one diversion from a monotonous farmyard existence; but now only a sad wreck remained of these—nothing to inspire the daily walk which I had been wont to enjoy. So day after day I had to content myself with musing upon the past spring-time pleasures and thoughts of their return after a season.

I was city born and bred, and orphaned.

pleasures and thoughts of their return after a season.

I was city born and bred, and orphaned. Thus oriefly I explain, without unnecessary detail, my life ere coming to live with my good aunt and uncle. They were childless, and freely offered me a home on their farm, ten miles from Rosemond. At sixteen, just previous to mother's death, I had taken my diploma from the grammar school, and, though I was not really ambitious, I could not help experiencing a sense of disappointment when Uncle Richard—Dick, they called him—informed me that he could not afford me a real lady education, but that he'd be bound Aunt Hetty'd turn me cut a right stunnin' farmer girl, if I was apt.

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y, mister, s is? Can't you learn, an' so lauda-You have

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apt.

I was apt, but, truth to tell, far from happy after the novelty of my new life wore away, and I began to realize the unutterable loneliness of it, with only Uncle Dick and Aunt Hetty for my daily companions. They were both kind to me, to be sure; too kind, I often thought, with burning tears of shame at my own ngratitude. Had it not been for their generosity Heaven only knows where my lot would have been cast—how hard my pillow and bitter the daily crust, for I was alone in the world, save for them. But I was just nineteen and craved the companionship of girls of my own age.

own age.

Poor Aunt Hetty could not sympathize with me. Whenever she chanced to have a few moments of leisure she brought her knitting to the veranda, where I usually spent the long afternoon, and talked of chickens and herb gardening until I wanted to run far away and out of hearing; but she never doubted that I was content with listening to her discussion of farm topics, and when I sometimes bent my head low over my work to hide involuntary tears, she was quite unconscious of my distress.

head low over my work to hide involuntary tears, she was quite unconscious of my distress.

But to return to that Saturday evening when I sat watching the array of ghost-like forms on the hils. As they grew more weird in the lengthening evening shadows, an involuntary sense of melancholy stole over me. Was my life to go on forever in this humdrum way? Oh, the monotony of it!

"Madge! O Madgie!" can e a shrill voice from the kitchen.

"Coming, Aunt Hetty," I answered, and rising languidly, entered the house, proceeded to the kitchen, where I found Aunt Hetty with hands submerzed in flaky dough.

"Madge," said she, "I'm making this strawberry shortcake for tea, and couldn't well take my hands out of the dough to get the young gentleman a drink; so, child, you just run to the safe and get him a tumbler, and let him help himself at the pump."

As she mentioned the young man I directed my glance to the outer door, and lo! sure enough, there he stood! His lustrous dark eyes wore a half amused expression as they met my own confused and bewildered ones for a brief lustant. Then he spoke:

"I dislike to trouble you. A tin cup—anything will do to drink from."

I thought him very handsome as he stood there, tall and erect against the dark background, his head bared, and his white hand grasping the door trame above. Though his eyes seemed to smile at me, there was a serious look about the lips which revealed themselves under a thick, dark-brown mustache as he spoke.

After that one swift glance I turned to bring.

spoke.

After that one swift glance I turned to bring the goblet, feeling the hot blood burning my cheeks, and for some indefinite reason my hand fluttered from one to another of the crystal cups until it rested upon the daintiest there. I took him this, directing him to the pump. He drank and returned the glass with a bow which carried with it the conviction that he was city bred, then wished me a gracious good evening and departed.

As I turned back to the kitchen I was sur-

Whatever can be keeping the cows so late?
Yought to have been at the big gate an arago, "cried Aunt Hetty, nearly two weeks or, as I sat in the veranda after having set

came to the door and looked rather anxi-Sile came to the door and looked rather anxi-the towards the hills where the cows were won't to graze, but steing no sign of them she returned to the kirchen. In ten minutes she responsed in the doorway, saying,— "You watch the kettle, Madge, and see that It don't boil over. I'm going to look for Dell and Base."

and Bess." over. I'm going to look for her and Bess."

"Oh, aunt." I remonstrated, "I have done nothing this livelong day. Let me go and find the truants."

She willingly assented.
"I think you will find them in the canon behind Jeny Hill," she said.

Away I tripped across the arid waste, little minding the nettle fox-tails which at every step multiplied upon the edge of my gown and the cloth tops of my gaiters, and enjoying the sweet, midsummer odors which the breize brought from the harvest fields, and the notes of the wood dove cailing his belated mate to shelter.



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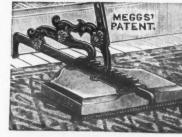
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Once the sharp report of a rifle startled me abruptly, and made me pause in a snatch of spread with the sharp report of a rifle startled me abruptly, and made me pause in a snatch of "M-she's at heh-heh-houe, sick! "M-she's at heh-heh-houe, sick! "I'm very—a—a—ah!—sorry; she was—there, it's on now—so pleasant." "Yes; Mame was always accommodatin'. She burs of work of the hills were already tinged." "Yes; Mame was always accommodatin'. She burs of work of the hills were already tinged." "Yes; Mame was always accommodatin'. She burs of work of the hills were already tinged."







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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - -

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A Quiet Eve ning.

From the grind of business, from the allurements of the theater, from the associations of the church,-these forces which with bands stronger than brass bind us to the tread-mill of life,-let us escape in desperation, if need be, and seek for the beauty and strength which come from a quiet evening. Draw closer then, reader, the curtains of that inner sanctuary of thy home whence the noises of the unquiet world do most retreat, where the environment favors the soul's carnival of communion with itself. Shut that window close for the chill October air needs the tempering of that ruddy are in the grate. Draw up that old haircloth sofa to the blaze. True, from having borne generations of your ancestors in their lazier hours on its broad fat back it has got somewhat threadbare and, like an over-ridden steed, its ribs may show here and there, but it is none the less comfortable for that. Associations in an hour like this will bring the repose that upholstery cannot. Stretch yourself, then, and if the fragrant pipe adds cal nness to your nerves smoke it for myself I love it not Banished now the thoughts of the weary

day. Its disappointments, its duties, its the crutches on which we have hobbled along its pathway drop out of recollection and the memory of its pleasures and triumphs, the sunshine and the kindness -soft garments for our naked souls they were -wrap round us closer in this retreat into the ideal. Forgotten now the sharp turn you experienced when Smith met you on the corner. You owe Smith a trifle, you know, but are a little short just now and will make it all right verily next week. That little disappointment which the postman brought, or failed to bring, is also sweetened in the recollection of that brief walk for a block or so with that sweet soul whose glances excel the sunshine in gladdening power. Your tired limbs have recovered from that severe walk homeward up the great slope on which rests this Queen City of the West. Perhaps your landlady, if you are a boarder, did look a trifle cross and the supper was cold because you were late. But never mind; the fire is bright, the curtains are drawn, the world is asleep, and in this sweet quiet the dearest thought of your heart-that of the girl you have won-rises up like a timid bird from its nest and says, "Dearest, we are alone; let's

Each moment you are imbibing warmth, solitude and content. Presently the flames burn up more cheerily and under the exhilarating influences of the hour and realizing you are alone with your fancy, the pleasing phantoms of a quickening imagination chase one another over the field of your vision. 'Tis now that a way through this troublous world, with its grind and hardships, seems to open up like a veritable Jacob's ladder to heaven and you see yourself, now on the lowest round, mount ing step after step to heights too dizzy for your soul to contemplate in complacency. You are becoming intoxicated with the possibilities of life-a life with hours so quiet, thoughts so sweet and chances so great as this. What a deep drawn sign was that! Surely the cup of your content is filling fast. The flickering blaze dances and sparkles and glows, and o'er the walls the shadows come and go through intervening flashes, like lights darted for a moment through the portals of the future storehouse. But this spell cannot last.

The cold, rude touches of consciousness in this rough world are gradually lessening their hold and a dreamy repose steals over you. You wonder why it is that the shr'll stridulous song of the cricket-coaxed out by the warmth of the hearth-never seemed so restful before. His notes are of equal length but he is singing a delicious song for you, the refrain of which is rest. Oh to lie like this for ever and rest, rest! This must be heaven. Yes, you are resting: it is a quiet evening. I said. You turn on your elbow and draw another of those exhaustive sighs. Presently the log burns a dull red in the curtain of the dark: the chirps are less and less frequent; the doors of dreamland are flung open wide by those guardian spirits which wait o'er your unconscious hours: you

He who is truly in peace never suspects others. But he who is ill at ease and discontented, is disturbed by various suspicions.

As for being much known by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honor that lies in that. Whatsoever it be, every mountebank has it more than the best doctor

Our admiration of a famous man lessens upon nearer acquaintance with him; and we seldom hear of a celebrated person without a catalogue of some notorious weaknesses and infir nities.

A large majority of the unfulfilled duties of the world is caused by the practice of delay. Good intentions are abundant-the ability and the will to carry them out are not wanting: but the habit of prompt action has never been sequired. Persons with this deficiency are wrecked in an emergency.

There is an oblique way of reproof which takes off the sharpness of it, and an address in flattery which makes it agreeable though never so gross; but of all fistterers the most skiiful is he who can do what you like without saying anything which argues he does it for your sake.

"Well," remarked the mosquito to the gnat, as they met on the roof of the Summer hotel plazza, "we may as well go."
"Yes," replied the gnat, "there are no more city boarders here trying to get a vacation rest."



'On Thursday evening of last week Mr. W. O. Forsyth delivered an interesting lecture at the College of Music, on the music of the ancient Greeks and Ronans, illust ating his remarks by examples of their scales and melodies, evincing thorough knowledge of his subject. The evening was pleasa tly diversified by a departure from the usual routine of a concert or recital. This was the performance of vocal and instrumental works by one composer, those of the lecturer himself. These embraced a Preude and Fugue, which was played by Mr. A. S. Vogt on the College organ [Mile. Adele Strauss sang four songs by Mr. Forsyth Merry Lark, Whip-Poor-Will, Trust, The Valley of Silence. Miss Katie Ryan sang Spring Evening. Mr. H. M. Field played Summer Sketches, Idyl, Sunset Even Song, and Mr. Forsyth played Lullaby, Love Song On the River. As might be expected from the high standing of the executants, this little programme was exceedingly well rendered.

The Thirteenth Battalion Band was engaged to go to the Triennial Conclave of the Knights Templar at Washington, with the Chicago commandery, its former services in that con-nection having met with distinguished approval. But there is in the United States a Con tract Labor Law which prevents the importa tion of "laborers" under contract, in order to avoid the cheapening of wages. This law has been made to apply to musicians as well, except where they may be designated as artists. It was called into action to prevent the Thirteenth Band from entering the States on this engagement, but the astute band tore up its contract and entered the enemy's territory triumphantly and played its way to the heart of the Republic The absurd effect of this law may be estimated by the fact that an effort was made to keep out Herr Nikisch, who was engaged at a salary of \$10,000 per annum to conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but so far it has failed. What good thing it would be if we had a Contract abor Law in Canada, to keep out some of the alleged opera companies that perennially finvade our shores and offend our ears.

Apropos of the Thirteenth Band, it will combine with our Queen's Own Band in a concert at the Pavilion on Thursday, October 24, when the bands together will play Schubert's Rosamunde Overture, a selection from Ernani, the Tannhæiser Mirch, and Meyerbeer's Fackel-

The band of C Company is rapidly improving ander the direction of Bagle Major Ford, and gave a most enjoyable concert at Shaftesbury Hall on Monday evening.

Mme. Carreno, whose popularity in America s of the widest and deepest character, will shortly fight the beasts of Ephesus in Berlin, where she will give recitals of classical and modern music. It will be interesting to see what the Germans will think of what may be termed a peculiarly American talent.

A notable event will be the Thanksgiving concert of Elm street Church Choir, at which Mrs. E. Humphrey Allen of Boston will sing. Mrs. Allen is one of the best oratorio and concert sopranos in America and a thorough artist. She will be assisted by Mr. George J. Parker, a enor who holds a deservedly high position.

Mrs. Agnes Thomson has commenced her eason with a most successful visit to Galt, where she sang at the reopening of the Central Presbyterian Church on Monday last. Her singing of I Know that My Redeemer Liveth, and Angels Ever Bright and Fair met with a most enthusiastic reception. Mrs. Thomson has been engaged by St. George's Society for its annual concert.

Toronto suffers a loss in the marriage of Miss Lizzie Higgins, a young musician of good parts, who finished her artistic education in Leipsic, and who was on Tuesday married to Mr. George E. Macpherson of Hamilton.

Mr. Doward's choir held its first Ser week, which was well attended, a fine selec- imagine that Janauschek is Mary Stuart. tion of sacred music being performed with unusual excellence.

Mr. C. J. Miers, a musician who was in former years a useful member of the Holman Opera Company, has come to Toronto to make

Mr. John Bayley, the bandmaster of the Queen's Own Rifles, has returned to town after a brief holiday spent at Elgin, Ill., with his brother in-law, Prof. Hecker, who formerly lived in Montreal and Winnipeg. Mr. Hecker is leader of the Watch Works band in that enterprising little city, and may truly be said to have a family of little prodigies. I saw the programme of a concert given by Stella Bertha, Carl and Cecile, aged ten, eight, six and four respectively. Stella played a thorou zhly classical selection, headed by the Sonata Pathetique, all from manory, and competent judges say that she is a marvel. The other children are al nost equally gitted. Being, as I believe, all Canadian born, I feel a natural pride in tuese children. METRONOME.

A Particular Wife.

"Yes," said the salesman, "these goods are all wool, fast colors, full width, and of the very best quairty."

"And-er were the sheep fed on hay or turnips!" asked the shopper, a timid little man; "and were they all owned by the same man or did they come from different folds!"

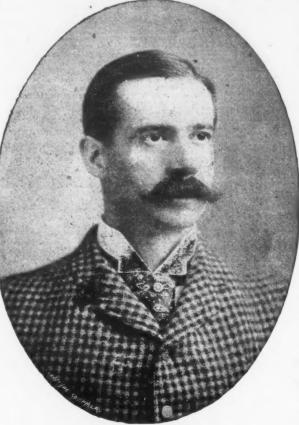
"I'm sure I don't know," replied the astonlished salesman.

ished salesman.
"I am surry for that," said the timid man,
"I am surry for that," said the timid man, moving away; "of course, I don't care, bus my wife will be sure to ask me, and I shouldn' like to take it home unless I could answer ali questions. No, I guess I won't take it. Let her come in herself."

Why They Disappear.

orotund quality of voice.

The Drama. this week. This play, it will be re nembered.



MR. W. F. CARLETON. M mayer Carleton Opera Company.

On Monday night Madame Janauschek he achieved a distinct hit. The soprano of the opened a week's engagement at the Grand Opera House in the well-known play, Mary Stuart. During the week she has appeared in the other plays of her old repertoire, including Meg Merrilies and Macbeth, and a new play, said to be adapted from the French play, La Tireuse des Cartes, which was produced here on Tuesday night for the first time.

There seems to be some difference of opinion as to whether Madame Janauschek can play Mary Stuart or not. Some affect to be enthusiastic over her rendering of that important character; others affect to decry it to the extent of saying that she would do herself and the public a favor by excising it from her repertoire. I venture to take the ground of those who think that Janauschek can not act the part of Mary Stuart. I do not say that she does not thoroughly understand the character and what it requires, nor that her acting in this play is not fix ished and powerful. No one who noticed the death-like silence with which some parts of the acting were witnessed on Monday night could deny her that. But she cannot look the part of Mary S uart nor speak the part of Mary Stuart, and no acting, however powerful, can delude the spectator who has read history into the belief for a moment that in Janauschek he is gazing on the form and listening to the voice of the unfortunate Queen of Scots, "the noblest of the Stuart race, the fairest earth has seen. Mådame Janauschek gives a powerful and thrilling impersonation of a character which is like Mary Stuart and still is not Mary

I have read somewhere that the Mary Stuart who was led to the block in Fotheringay Castle was not the beauteous creature of whom poets have sung and romancers have written-that her long confinement and increasing years had made her stout and robbed her form of its grace, that grief had marred the beauty of that famous face and silvered the glory of her hair. This may be historically correct and Madame Janauschek's figure may have approached the truth of Mary's appearance, at that time, but the Mary Stuart that exists in the minds of all men and women is the Mary of happier days and they do not wish to see what may be historical but is not at all romantic. It is one of the sweet delusions that many of us will not of Praise on Wednesday evening of last have dispelled; and we must before we can

> In her new play, The Woman in Red, she created a very favorable impression here. It gives her an opportunity of appearing as a surceress, to which character her strong, mobile features, dark, piercing eyes and reonant voice lend themselves so forcibly, as her Meg Merrilies has made so well known. The story is that of a Jewess whose child has been stolen when an infant. For sixteen years she searches for her, in the course of which she assumes the character of a sorceress. The child is at length discovered, but is found to be devotedly attached to her supposed mother. The Jewess, however, proves her claim and takes her daughter away, but is troubled because she cannot forget her adopted mother and give her love wholly to the real mother whose whole affection is lavished on her. When she finds at length that neither love nor wealth can wean her child from her early associations she gives up hope and is only assured that she has her child's undivided affection when at the point of death.

The plot is simple, the story moves directly to its conclusion without any padding or the introduction of side issues. The interest centers wholly on the mother and daughter and so much so that were the parts taken by a less powerful artiste than Janauschek and a less clever young lady than Miss Ida Burrows it would be impossible to keep it up. As it was the very mild witticisms of the vagabond Hector Fiaramonte represented by Geo. D. Chaplin were hailed as oases in a desert of tragedy.

The principal people in Janauschek's com pany are the same as last year with the exception of her leading lady, Miss Eugenie De Forrest. This lady is an actress of much power. though her voice is slightly against her, being unequal to those passages which require the

Bartley Campbell's play, My Partner, has

been presented at the Toron'o Opera House all

is a tale of mining life in western America. It contains many effective dramatic situations, but it has now got to be more than a thrice told tale and is being relegated to the cheap routes. The company presenting it here this week does not possess any startling excellen cies, although several of its members do fairly good work. Messrs F. Pike and H. H. Cl.,i are the leading men.

On Monday next Mr.

W. T. Carleton, the celebrated baritone, and his operatic forces will appear at the Grand Opera House and present to the Toronto public two operas, which had phenomenal runsat the New York Casino. The first opera to be given will be Offenbach's sparkling work The Brigands, which production is said by New York papers to excel anything per-formed in the opera field for many years. The cast includes Mr. W. T. Carleton as the Brigand chief, a role he has assumed in London with the Gaiety Opera Company and in which

company is Miss Clara Lane, a handsome young lady possessing a pure and sweet voice and what is very important, a capital actress. Operatic art ists are seldom seen, who have both of those fac ulties, but Miss Lane seems to be an exception. Miss Alice Carle, the contralto of the company has a charming stage presence, and will be remembered as appearing here in the Yeoman of the Guard Company. The comedy talent is well represented by Mr. Chas. A. Bigelow, a very funny comedian; Mr. J. K. Murray, the baritone, is the lucky possessor of a strong and beautiful voice. The company is well balanced and is considered the best opera company on the road. There will be a large chorus and an elaborate display of feminine loveliness and beautiful costumes. Entirely new scenery is carried, and the stage-settings are said to be gorgeous. The first act of The Brigands occurs at a mountain pass in Italy; the second, at a wayside inn; and the third, in the salon of a prince's castle. The story concerns the coings of a brigand chief, his daughter, a young country boy (impersonated by Miss Clara Lane) in love with the daughter, a princess who is waylaid by the brigands and other interesting personages. There will be dances and a topical song. The Brigands will be given from Monday to Thursday evening, inclusive, also at the Saturday matinee. Thursday and Friday evenings and Wednesday matinee, Genee & Zell's charming opera, Nanon, will be presented, in which all the singers appear. Both operas have enjoyed the popular favor in New York City and other capitals of the States, and have had consecutive runs of two hundred nights at the New York Casino. There will be no advance in prices, which happens seldom to the Toronto public when an operatic engagement is an nounced.

DRAMATIC NOTES. It is conjectured that a piece called My First igar must be a light comedy. At all events, it is more than probable that the first perform nce will not be long drawn out.

Mlle. Rhea, who came from France, an ounces on her bills "Everything American, American author and American actors," but her play, Josephine, Empress of French, is not announced as American.

A circus band wagon tipped over while derecently and killed four good mules, while the six musicians escaped unharmed. And yet they talk of retributive justice.

Now is the season of the year when the hun gry barn-storming pirate, with quickened wit and sharpened pencil, hies him to the newly opened shows, and deftly twists and steals the best of points and situations for the newest version of the latest Uncle Tom.

Lawrence Barrett's new play, Ganelon, deals with the son of the traitor Ganelon, who betrayed the Paladins at Roncesvailes, but the legends of Corsica show that he was quite an important figure. According to local tradition he came to the island in his youth, a voluntary exile from his native land and seeking oppor tunity to redeem his name from the infamy which his father's treason had brought upon it. Ganelon's exploits in raising the siege of Aleria and his love for the ruling Count's daughter make the plot.

In the gory drama called Black Hawk, which is now devastating the west, a barkeeper in the second act refuses to supply the Montana Terror with free whisky, to which that distinguished hero responds: "You don't know me! You don't know me, I say! I m Bloody Bill, the Howling Terror! I'm a greased thunderbolt from Hell's Canon! When I twitter the clouds hide themselves! When I yell the clouds split, the waters stop running and the sun turns back! And when I shrick Y-e-i o-u-w,' it rains b-l u-d ! " The smooth-faced, sharp-featured man, with

a soft felt hat pulled down over his forehead, who can be seen every night lounging about the Lyceum Theater, says the New York Sun, is Henry C. De Mille, one of the authors of Lord Chumley. He is also the author of The Wife, and he has a new play which will be produced about the middle of November. Mr. De Mille has a family, and during the summer months he enjoys himself on his farm near Echo Lake, in New Jersey. He is fond of animals, and his farm is well stocked with cows,



What is Love?

For Saturday Night. Suggested by a friend's pessimistic description of the

Is that love, that over sadness Always gloom and never gladness Wealth of tears from hot eyes falling From woman's eyes, like mysteries That are the weary heart enthralling

Bitter sob and heavy sighing, Broken heart in anguish crying, Only fear's despairing feeling— Dark spirit—shrouds, eternal clouds That never part, the sun revealing-?

Fairy castles fancy-real, Gay with blossoms hymenea! ttered from our love lit heaven, Till prone beneath our starry wreath We mourn the links that fate has riven-?

Fruit that sweet looked to our yearning, Promised cooling to our burning. Tempted by its rosy glitter
We took and ate, but ah! sad fate, 'Twas ashy to our taste and bitter-?

Waking from our malden sleeping, Yielding what we had been keeping, To ideal knightly clinging,
Thinking his kiss would bring us bliss
But ah! instead a cruel stinging -?

Is that love, that glo my story? Shall we feel naught of the glory That the poet's pen hath given. Unto the bond of two hearts fond? Is there but sorrow in Love's heaven

Answer me, oh sad-eved lover. What dark doom dost thou discover With the bliss of love's sweet token? What did it bring beneath its wing

That thy strong heart is bruised and broken Answer me, oh glad eyed maiden, Is thy heart with rapture 1 den That thou smilest in such fashion? Is thy bark far beyond the bar That wrecked thy sister's sweetest pussion

What is love the wife world over. Tell me truly, maid or lover, What of gloom and wha' of glory?

Are rose and thorn and love and soorn, Are rose and thorn and San Grandweep Wove in the woof of every story?

Sometimes.

For Saturday Night. Sometimes I long in utter loneliness to see thy face ; Sometimes I picture how thy smile would bless this empty

times I hear thy voice, in accents glad, or tender tone And then I feel that it is doubly sad to be alc

Ah! life is now a weary thing to me, for, gazing on, I have no thought nor hope of meeting thee beneath the

My life would lose what most I care to keep, should I for

And yet, remembering, I can but weep with vain regret. For ah! I tost, by my own wayward pride, thy care and

I only hope that I may reach thy side in Heaven above I only pray that thou wilt find it sweet, and not in vain To know that all my life, until we meet, is one long pain

In a Friend's Album.

For Saturday Night would that, if long hence you turn these pages, And read the old familiar words again, No shadow in the intervening stages, Should make one name seen darkened to you than

would that with no name should rise the memory Of fickleness, or something come between, But, e'en though distant, those who here have written May be your loyal friends when many years have been

To the Fallen Gum Tree on Mount Baw-Baw.

This tree, lying in one of the gorges of Mt. Baw-Baw. Sippsland, Victoria, measured, as it lay, 480 feet long, and where the top had been broken off, had a diameter of 2 feet. Our most eminent naturalist pronounces it to have been at least 40 feet longer as it stood.

Yes, you lie there in state unearthly solemn Not a dead tree, of bark and foliage stript, Gigantic Eucalypt

Your brothers, standing still, look half-deflant, Half in mute sorrow for the fallen giant : I doubt if aught so great e'er fell so far Except a fallen star. How tall would you have grown in course of Nature

How old are your five burdred feet of stature ! Can you remember Noah and the flood When you were yet a bud? Standing beside your trunk, one almost fancles

That he beholds the Middle Age romances, And that the stories travelers have told, In books despised and old, May not have been without some slight foundation,

Though they, of course, lost nothing in narration Herodotus we dare not now ignore As Egypt we explore. What have you witnessed in your long exister.

On remote ranges in the Gippsland die Have you seen savage empires rise and fall, And stories tragical? Did some black Dido, flying from her lovers,

Found a new kingdom, happy in thy covers, Until a Maori Æneas came
And lit the cursed flame?

Or a dark Robin Hood devote his leisure o stealing skulls, and take a savage pleasure In making what blacks have by way of pri-sts. Uneasy at their feasts?

Or saw you earlier and gentler races, Of nobler instincts and with fairer faces, Die out before the circling boomerang

And the black serpent's fame

You look like a great chip of the creation, A relic of the former Dispensation, When men were forced to spend nine hundred years

Here in thi. vale of tears. Yet to us, creatures of a day, it's soothing To know that, as trees go, your years are nothing There's little in Australia but rocks

Of old age orthodox

Lie there in fallen majesty. I love you! May you lie till the last trump shall move you, Magnificent as Cheops in his crypt, You dead king Eucalypt
Douglas W. B. Sladen, B. A., Ques

in; to hir DI:

ica rega feve El won ousl; a ste Yet for t Gei still I

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He aft Joh lives i mansi avenu statua severa He is grandf the ma Geor side of society worm,

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check b of all th and out That in real l which h his wife literatur an imme tained h

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The Duc

Archdi retireme lady-in-w without o is a locke portrait o writes rep Rudolph. Swinbus

ou s-minde

very busy for him to writing is & marvello curios, H subjects, a years ago. along town was protec heaven by He was we felt hat ri ments, his with oil, hi which are t whom ever mires (the

of cupboard fectioner's with his cuwho the ger shop, "Oh Mr. Swinb isn't quite call a poet,

along in hi never takes

dently does all observers lady said in only dared, the honor of looks too s vanishes alt on the comm being wheel And if you ' some petrified moss, and had an exceptionally

fine view, as we stood on a large flat stone, at

"We went over to Buffilo, by train, one

"Oh, yes! I had forgotten. Kate's glove-

" Now, fom, be good," said the laty referred

"In three weeks, to a day, we drove to the

door of our home, well savisfied with our wed-

ding journey, and anxious to recommend our

method to all who intend taking a trio of that

'Varsity Chat.

'Varsity life presents the same features year

after year. Timid freshmen, ill at ease and

silent, wander aimlessly about, whom, when

he senior sees, he takes to himself great com

fort over the progress which he has made.

These opening days are a pleasant time of idle

ness and sociability, for, though the finger of

heed it not. Already have we begun to re-

enact the unsuspected tragedy of passing

earlier days we had learned well the lesson-

that labor always, and nothing but labor, ever

By reason of the early convocation, college

nons his stalwarts to the Rugby field, Mr.

Peak urges the baseball men to the wielding of

the Yankee willow, the treasurer of the Asso-

ciation Football Club gently calls to the recol-

lection of many last year's players the delicate

Preparations for our annual games are being

made. Mr. F. H. Moss balances the potential

beauty of his frame on the presidential stool.

Mr. Peat will keep a true and correct account

of any money he may receive, and Mr. Pope

will sign the invitations A number of coun-

cillors have been added to the committee to see

that these above-named gentlemen perform

Our new professor of English has made his

first appearance and has created that favorable

impression so desirable for an incoming pro-

fessor. We rejoice in the fact that a series of

wise appointments is equipping our college

with a band of young, able and enthusiastic

men. Praise, however, at this early stage is meaningless. Experience is the only reliable

This brings me to the consideration of the

vacancy in the department of mental science.

The Bysta ader takes the unassailable ground

that the man to be appointed is he who, irrespective of all considerations of nationality or

locality, can best serve the student interest.

It is absurd to have preferences for certain

candidates without knowing the qualifications

of all, but it is also impossible to close one's

ears to the ugly rumors afloat, to the effect

that theology is to be a greater factor in this

appointment than the records of the candi-

dates or even metaphysics itself. It is broadly

fact that the fee is fifty cents.

their duties.

test of a man's powers.

wretched business.

FRANCES BURTON CLARE.

did not look quite so painfully new, and her

hat had been out in six sprinkles of rain and-

the water's edge."

day," put in his better half,

So Tom concluded with:

Noted People.

Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke will spend the coming winter in Boston.

The Queen of Portugal is an expert swimmer and has been decorated several times for her bravery in saving human lives.

Ouida carries out the conventional idea of the blue-stocking, inasmuch as she is pronounced the worst dressed woman in Europe. Mrs. Chamberlain is following in the foots'eps of Lady Randolph Churchill, and as-

s tmes an active part in her husband's political

Johannes Wolff recently played eleven pieces on his violin for Queen Victoria and she gave him a diamond pin and wrote him an autograph

The Emperor of China has four hundred and twenty-six servants. Think of that, ye American housekeepers who find it no small task to manage two or three!

Mrs. Harrison is said to contemplate the in auguration of a series of conversaziones, readings from popular authors and literary discussions in Washington society this season. Senator Sherman had a peculiar experience

in Paris this summer. He was taken by a growd for ex-President Ferry, and had to retire to his hotel to escape the jeers which followed The present Mrs. Perugini, the well known

ariist, was Collins' sister in law. As Miss Dickens she married Charles Collins, Wilkie's brother, and when he died she became Mrs. Perugini.

The Shah of Persia has had a long interview with Hadji Hassein Ghooly Khan about America and it is understood that his curiosity regarding that country has been roused to a feverish heat. It is rumored that he is now making arrangements to come to America next spring incognito.

Ellen Terry is the most widely admired woman in London. She lives unostentatiously, spends little on dress, and drives behind a steady old horse in an unpretending carriage. Yet heads are turned whenever she passes by, for there is a never failing charm about this distinguished actress.

George Bancroft, the veteran historian, is still hale and hearty, and although nine-andeighty years have passed over his head, is to be found at his desk every morning in the year at six o'clock and writes until nine. After breakfast he goes for a ten-mile gallop, but he never tourhes pen or paper for the rest of the day. He affec s a typewriter.

John Jacob A tor is close upon seventy and lives in solitary state in the big gloomy looking mansion on Thirty third street and Fifth avenue. He has a large collection of bronze statuary and poor dependents, and he owns several square miles of brown stone houses. He is the grandson of John Jacob, and the grandfather of John Jacob the biggest catch in the matrimonial market. He is also a widower.

George Vanderbilt, though still on the sunny side of thirty, has no use for what is called society, but leads the life of a professional bookworm, poring over mouldy and obscure yet priceles- editions in the sumptuously fitted up library in his Fifth avenue palace. Yet he has something like \$10,000,000 to his own particular check book, and is in consequence the cynosure of all the maich-making mammas about town and out of it.

That prolific fiction writer. The Duchess, is in real life a Mrs. Hungerford, and resides in London. The story goes that some few years since her husband committed a forgery for which he was placed behind the bars, and that their method, if the dear old ladies so desired. his wife being thrown upon the world without any source of livelihood, turned in despair to literature. The result was Phyllis, which proved an immense success, and she has since maintained herself by her pen, and handsomely at that, under the now familiar nom de guerre of

Archduchess Stephanie, the widow of Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, is living in strict expressed a trunk to a town we expected to retirement at Ischi. Her suite consists of a reach in a couple of days, and from there we lady-in-waiting, a lady's maid, a courier and sent it on a little farther. The weather was two footmen. Her curriages are simple and very delightful, and as we drove along, no one without crests, and drawn by two horses. The dreamed we were so recently married, and we is a locket and a thin gold chain holding the world and his wife, and were, in consequence, Ridley's school, St. Catharines, has gathered portrait of her little daughter, to whom she very happy. We gathered golden-rod-that is around him a distinguished staff from our writes regularly every day, and who is said to

Swinburne, the poet, is a lithe built, vigorish hair and an auburn chin beard. He is a rest-and often to buy fruit or cream; and after from the school. very busy man and the day is not long enough for him to get through his work. His hand- Catharines, where we stayed for a day and a writing is curiously school-boyish, but he has half. a marvellously complete collection of literary curios. He has also views of his own on most subjects, and he was half a century of age two years ago. Not long ago, during a heavy rain, Mr. Swinburne was seen calmly marching along towards his usual resting place, and he was protected against the ungentle rain from heaven by neither umbrella nor mackintosh. He was wet through. From his large-brimmed felt hat rills of rain fell down upon his garments, his face was shining as if annointed with oil, his long white cuffs were in a miserable state. The number of stories, by the way, which are told at Wimbledon about the poet, whom every child in the village knows and admires (the admiration being, no doubt, a kind of cupboard love), is quite endless. The confectioner's wife whom Mr. Swinburne honors with his custom was asked whether she knew who the gentleman was who had just left her who the gentleman was who had just left her shop. "Oh, yes," she replied at once, "that's Mr. Swinburne, a private gentleman, but he isn't quite right in his head; he's what they sall a poet, I'm told." When he is walking along in his soldierly fashion Mr. Swinburne along in his soldierly fashion, "I'm the followed the river road to the old town of Niagara, had tea, and drove back to Clifton in then followed the river road to the old town of Niagara, had tea, and drove back to Clifton in the evening." "That was a glorious night for a drive," put in my host, "a trifle chilly but the air was not too cold, and the stars lent what the moon withheld in the way of light."

Exposition, and a pleasing illustration of the progress peculiar to the latter half of this very impetuous century.

The ancient traditions of the billiard room thicherto marky with eigar smoke and particular traditions of the latter half of this very impetuous century.

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The ancient traditions of the honor of shaking hands with him. But he the moon withheld in the way of light," looks too stern." The sternness, however, vanishes altogether when, on their playground

moment, you marvel no longer that this is the great poet who wrote Atalanta. His face is to the perrifying spring, where we gathered transfigured, and from his eyes there shines a light which is not of the earth.

The Meanest Girl on Earth

For Saturday Night. The meanest girl I ever saw.

Sail Elwindt one day.
Is one that I went driving with

When down the Kingston way. She knew I'd like to kiss her well, She knew I had the right; But yet she wouldn't give me one, The little mischi-f--prite.

The two in front quite understood. And se'do turned around; But when I'd lean to touch her lips My lady only frowned.

She'd ask Eugane a question quick He'd turn to make repl. ; And I'd sit straight with stately mien
And disappointed eye.

And then she'd smile- the little witch. And back I'd go an i strive once more Just one sweet kiss to win

But all along the country road She kept me far away,
Twas only when we came to town
She changed her mode of play.

For then she droppe ! her distant air, She knew I dare not kies her then-Too many folks in sight

A Novel Bridal Tour.

"Yes," said my host, as he drew his chair still nearer the open fire, and rubbed his chilled hands before the blazing wood, "we had a most enjoyable wedding journey, and it was as unique as it was pleasant." I was on a visit to an old schoolmate, who had recently been married, and her husband having just come home from his business was conversing with me while his little wife bustled away to see that all was in readiness for the evening meal.
We were soon seated at the table, and there,

with full view of their two happy faces, I heard of the strange wedding tour.

"You see," began Mrs. Tom Hills, as she passed me a cup of fragrant oolong, "we could not decide where to go; I did so dislike the idea of being pointed out as a bride everywhere and as Tom thought just as I did "-which was natural, just then. I put in, mentally-" we were dreadfully puzzled. So when we learned that a phaeton and a pair of ponies were to be among our wedding gifts, we agreed to make use of the timely present, and goon our wedding journey in a phaeton. Every one was astonished, and inclined to be rather critical as to our soundness of intellect; but we were de termined, and drove off gaily with two small valises, a basket of peaches and our two selves, all snugly packed in our new conveyance. Yes, please, Tom." This last was in answer to the host's enquiry if the narra or would be helped to some moulded tongue, and while the affair was being decided in point of quantity, etc., I found time to think the following: "What a sensible couple." I remembered the interest every one seemed to take in Darby and me when we boarded the train at the dingy little depot, and how even the conductor-though he did trybless him-to conceal his knowledge from us, seemed to say by his very actions-"newly married." Hence my admiration for two people who were independent enough to take their own wedding journey, in their own way, and allow Dame Grundy and Madame Fashion to have a cup of tea and an hour's gossip over

"I wonder how it is that brides are always recognized as such?" inquired Mr. Hills. "Because their entire outfit is new, and such events occur but seldom." answered his wife.

"Because the bride looks so conflding," ventured.

"I honestly believe some little bird tells," said Mrs. Hills, and then she went on. a drive of about fifty miles, we reached St.

"Leaving there we went on to Clifton, or, as they now call it, Niagara Falls, Ont., and remained there for several days, visiting places of interest to us in all directions. We viewed the falls from all points, watched the Maid of the Mist, and very nearly decided to take the trip, but I refused after having half made up my mind. We rambled over the islands, Goat, Luna and the Sisters, walked through the parks, and enjoyed old Niagara's roaring, and her rainbow in the mist, and all the other novelties over again and again.

"Another day we drove down to Queenston, visited Brock's Monument, and climbed the two hundred and thirty-five steps; being fully rewarded for the loss of breath by the view Scarborough Heights showed plainly and Toronto dimly, across the lake, which seemed to lie at our feet, while the Niagara river crept along swiftly yet quietly, with great oily over-

"You tell Frances a little now," remark-d

hinted, in fact, that Dr. Caven's influence as head of the Equal Rights movement is exerted on Mr. Mowat in favor of a certain candidate. Without wasting words, it may be as broadly hinted in return, that no man of unbiassed mind believes Dr. Caven capable of any such

It may always be said, in defiance of arithmetic, that the ladies are the majority. At the present rate of increase in 'Varsity corridors they b.d fair to rival us even in numbers.

Prof. VanderSmissen returned on Tuesday from the Fatherland.

Mr. J. H. Moss, B.A., has entered law under the guidance of Messrs. Moss, Barwick and Franks. Mr. Waldron of puglistic repute, used to say that law was better than starva-

rnament which the young widow wears felt as if we had played a great joke on the Rev. J. O. Miller, B.A., principal of Bishop some of it on the bracket behind Tom," and, graduates. Mr. H. J. Cody, B.A., teaches bear a striking resemblance to Crown Prince | following the speaker's glance, I saw a large | classics; Mr. Spotton, B.A., mathematics, and cluster of the autumn's pride arranged in a Mr. F. J. Steen, B.A., teaches the young idea vase. "We stopped at nearly every town we how to express itself in modern languages. ou minded, cordial mannered man with long. came to-sometimes for a meal, sometimes to We look for a strong array of matriculants

> Mr. W. P. Mustard, B.A., who has held the classical fellowship for the past three years, goes to pursue his researches at Johns Hopkins. We have no fear but that he will fully sustain our high reputation at that institution. Our best wishes go with him at any rate.

The first meeting of the Literary Society was held this week. The subject debated was Resolved, that the jury system should be abolished. We are accustomed to hear periodically about the decay of our society but it may not be out of place to take time by the forelock and suggest to members the advisability of attending the society and thus preventing the said decay from occurring again.

Fair Women Play Billiards.

Chicago cannot have the World's Fair, says the New York Sun, but she can and does have, according to a recent issue of the Herald, a bevy of batterfly billiard players which migh be an interesting and attractive feature of any exposition, and a pleasing illustration of the

ing exercise.
It is little more than a decade since the win

Put Yourself in His Place.



Young Bache or -I love her, but she is too young to say whether she will wait for me or not and (pursting into tears) perhaps she'd marry some one else!— Li/ϵ .

table forms one of the indispensable adjuncts to a fashionable r sidence in town, and not only that, but on ladies' evenings at the society clubs the billiard rooms, while at the summer resorts during the past season so popular has been the game that laties have even whiled away the long mornings playing with those of their own sex. Interesting and fascinating indeed must be a game which can reconcile women to considering their sisters either as partners or antag miss, for either the game lags wearily for want of zeal and interest or is played spitefully in bitterness of spirit over every little difference of opinion, and the victory when achilized salmost worthless when you have only beaten a woman after all.

The favorice costume with the ladies is a The favorice costume with the ladies is a reves were more irritable than ever. Annoyed authority points imperatively lectureward, we opportunities neglected. Would that in our life is already in full swing. The bulletin board is full of notices of all kinds. Mr. Pope sum-

tory ween achieved is almost worthless when you have only beaten a woman after all.

The favorice costume with the ladies is a tennis dress or loosely girded gown, with roomy sleeves, for it is about as easy to play base ball in a dress that is as unyielding at the waist as a cor-selet of seel and with sleeves that pinion the arms like a straitjacket as to try to make a difficult carroom or to give the peculiar curl to the one ball by which masses shots are accomplished. And judging from some of the unconventional and startling attitudes in which these merry maidens induge in their morning revels with the ivories, it is safe to surmise that certain concealed but indispensable elements of full dress are entirely done away with beneath the fannel blouse.

Very elegantly appointed billiard tables are designed to please the fair devotees of the game, who are in tids, as in all things, fastidious and luxurious in their tastes. Mrs. George M Pullman, who as been able to defeat her husband at billiards for several years, has wonderful tables at her Castle of Rest on the S. Liwrence, as well as in her house on Prairie avenue, whose cost approximates several thous and dollars, and Mrs. Potter Palmer has

avenue, whose cost approximates several thousand dollars, and Mrs. Potter Palmer has thousand dollars, and Mrs. Potter Palmer has a table of her own designing which cost \$1000 to manufacture. It is so arranged that when not in use it assumes the form of a handsome dining table, which is covered with a beautiful table spread, the cue rack being hidden behind a curtain of gold brocade. Mrs. Dexter, another ingenious lady, has a costly table, made after an original design, and has acquired consider able proficiency in the game through the offices of Mrs. Pu Iman.

It is said that ladies make very apt pupils and acquire very readily the stroke, gentle touch, and nicety of aim requisite for skillul playing and several so lety stars have quite an

playing and several society stars have quite an enviable reputation for skill at billiards. One rather pleasing peculiarity noticeable in woman players is the increased zest, nicety, and brilliance of their playing when men are and brilliance of their playing when men are their admirers. A man usually makes his most brilliant plays when playing with those of his kind, and when playing against the woman he admires, either through courtesy or carelessness, his playing is more mediocre. Not so with a woman. The man she most admires she pursues most relentlessly and conquers most ignominiously. Her defiance gives her daring, and she would sooner beat her best fellow than be the acknowledged champion of a world of girls.

Two Young Publishers.

Only those on the inside of New York literary and journalistic circles, says the New York Star, know anything about The Bok Syndicate Press, a bureau from which emanate many of the best and most striking literary articles by famous authors found in the modern newspaper. It is owned and managed by two brothers. Edward W, and William J. Bok. The combined ages of these two young publishers do not make the figure fifty, and yet within their control rests one of the most remarkable literary influences of today. They control the literary work of some forty-five of the most famous men and women of the day, which they supply to newspapers simultaneously all over the country and in Canada and Engand. Edward Bok holds a responsible position in one of the big New York publishing houses, and his name is withheld from the enterprise. William devotes all his time to the work, and under his name the business is conducted. While Edward makes all the contracts with authors, William stands at the helm and carries out the ideas of his younger brother. A better matched couple of brothers, it would be difficult to find. Edward has a wonderfully extensive acquaintance among famous people. He is well read, has good literary judgment, and knows precisely what the people want. William is of untiring energy, and a doubtful literary venture becomes 8 success in his hands. The brothers are very popular in society, and one is almost sure to meet them at any prominent literary or so halevent. Both are good talkers, have pleasant manners and what the one lacks the other supplies. They have believed each other along.

"Of Two Evils," Etc. Two Young Publishers.

An Anxious Moment.

It was in 1813, at a time when Napoleon's nerves were more irritable than ever. Annoyed at the frequent visits paid by the Austrian ambassador to Marie Louise, and suspecting his baleful influence, the Emperor wrote in mad haste a violent article azainst his father-in-law, and sent it by an aide de-camp to Etienne, the editor of the Journal de l'Empire (still existing under the title of the Debats), with an order to publish it the following day at the head of his paper. Next morning Napoleon opened the newspaper with trembling hand; the article was not there. Livid with suppressed rage, he his paper. Next morning Napoleon opened the newspaper with trembling hand; the article was not there. Livid with suppressed rage, he called an orderly officer, and thundered out to him, "Go and tell Mr. Etienne that if the article does not appear to morrow morning, I will have him sabred like a Pandour!" And he impatiently waited the expiry of the twenty-four hours. The next day, again no article. Then Napoleon, unable to restrain himself any longer, gave vent to his passion in a torrent of abuse, and shouted to his officers, "Bring Etienne here, dead or alive! —" With blood-shot eyes, and terrible to behold, he paced up and down his cabinet like a caged tiger. Etienne arrived, went in, pale as a sheet, and waited in silence. Not having noticed him, Napoleon continued his excited chase up and down the room, whilst the bystanders anxiously wondered what was going to happen. Suddenly the Emperor walked straight up to the man, seized him by the arm, and, giving him a violent shake, said in a gruff tone, "I thank you, sir," and went out, leaving Etienne in a state of stupefaction. He had understood that this resistance to his sovereign will, if not an act of madness, could only proceed from the certain conviction that it would save him from committing a serious blunder. But what a scene, and what a lesson!

Unconquerable.

Train Robber (entering smoking car)-Throw up both hands!

Jenkins (engrossed in euchre)—Hanged if I
will; here's both bowers and the joker!

Autumn Leaves.

Fleery—What in the world can De Tanque find attractive about that old maid ? Sneery—Perhaps it's her corkscrew curls.

Mr. Suffermore-We fellows play every night t college for a small stake.
Miss Virginia-Wnat gluttons!

"O. Two Evils," Etc.

Vanishes altogether when, on their playground on the common, he sees the children at play or being wheeled about in their perambulators.

And if you "catch" Mr. Swinburne at such a great climb we had there; for Kate would not the common that the common he sees the children at play or being wheeled about in their perambulators.

And if you "catch" Mr. Swinburne at such a great climb we had there; for Kate would not the common he sees the children at play or to do his part, Mr. Hills went on.

"The next day we visited the whirlpool, and a great climb we had there; for Kate would not the common, he sees the children at play or to do his part, Mr. Hills went on.

"The next day we visited the whirlpool, and a great climb we had there; for Kate would not head the common he sees the children at play or to do his part, Mr. Hills went on.

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IEN, B. A., Ques.

THE STORY OF AN ERROR

By the Author of "His Wedded Wife," "A Fatal Dower," "Barbara," "Ladybird's Penitonce," "Bunchie," "A Foolish Marriage," etc.

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XI.

"And I tell you that Lady Beacham hates you, Stanley! Don't trust her, coz! She's a horrid woman—all affectation and humbug! Her illness is assumed, and she is madly in love with Hugh!"

Lola spoke with unusual vehemence; and Stanley smiled at her earnestness, although the smile was forced.

The cousins were in Statley's bed-room at Combermere. Lola was dressed for dinner; but Stanley, who at Lola's request had dismissed her maid, was putting the last touches to her own toilette. She looked rather pale in the soft light of the wax candies on either side of the mirror. of the mirror. "You are very sorry, Lola!" she said, glanc-

"You are very sorry, Lola!" she said, glancing affectionately at her cousin.
"No, I am not," Lola answered quickly.
"She cannot bear to think that there is one man in the world who can resist her! She hates you because Hugh Cameron loves you, and she would do anything to bring him back to his old allegiance. Not that he was ever in love with her, you know," Lola went on eagerly—"I don't mean that; but—"
"He could not help admiring her," said Stanley slowly—"she is so lovely, Lola!
"Oh, everyone admire her, of course; but it does not follow that everyone loves her! Stanley"—Lola leaned forward and looked earnestly into the troubled brown eyes—"I hope she has not been putting wrong ideas into your head—I hope she has not been making you unhappy Hugh!"

lugh ?"
Stanley raised her head haughtily; but, neeting Lola's earnest, deprecating glance, she

put out her hand.

"You are very good, Lola!' she said, gently.
'I think she will not succeed in making me mistrust Hugh, even if she wishes to do so; but I doubt that. They are very good friends, he and she, and she is very nice to me—for his self. I have "

he and she, and she is very nice to me—for his sake, I think."

"That letter this morning," Lola began, hesitatingly, after a pause—"she put it down where you could see it, and—"

"My dear Lola," interrupted S'anley, laughing, "do you think I mind Hugh writing to her! I am far too conceited to be jealous even of Lady Beacham! Now run away, dear; I want a few minutes to myself before dinner."

Lola's bright face looked unusually grave as she left the room, and for the hundredth time she wished she had not yielded to the momentary feeling of pique which had prompted her to allude to Hugh Cameron's devotion to Lady Beacham at Eyncourt. She did not like her ladyship, who was far too beautiful to have many friends among her own sex, and she was fond of Stanley, who had been good to her, and her quick eyes had fathomed the look of pain which had been dawning slowly yet surely in her cousin's eyes since Hugh Cameron left Combermere.

mbermere. She is a hateful made up minx!" declared

"She is a hateful made up minx!" deciared Lola, pulling on her gloves viciously as she went down the corridor.

Hugh Cameron had kept his resolve. On the day after his departure a letter had reached Lady Hartop excusing himself from completing his visit—his mother was not well, and he was remaining at Brancepeth. The same mail brought a letter for Stanley; and the girl, as she read it, was struck by its depressing tone—and the same sadness was apparent in the other letters which had come to her daily since he left.

he left.

The gay house-party at Combermere seemed to have lost all its charm for Stanley after the receipt of that first letter. The girl was pas somately in love, and the sharp pangs of jeal-ousy, evanescent as they were, had taught her between the born for their forms. ousy, evanescent as they were, had taught her how great was her love for Hugh. She missed him, and it seemed to her that Lady Beacham watched her with half-amused, half-compas-sionate eyes, although she treated her with the tmost graciousness and seemed anxious to

win her triendship.

It was strange and incomprehensible to Stanley how this beaut ful woman attracted and repelled her. Sometimes she felt her fascination and charm so strong that she almost loved her; at other times she felt as if she hated her. She ried to check the feeling as an un worthy one; but she failed—a strange antipathy to Lady Beacham seemed to fill her heart and made her manner cold and proud and distant.

"Hugh has run away," Lady Beacham had said lightly, as they met in the corridor upon which both their rooms opened, on the evening of his departure. "Discretion is sometimes the better part of valor. I do not think he will return to morrow."
"From what has he fled?" Stanley had

smiling and looking straight into her face. "From your ladyship's beautiful

eyes!"
"Perhaps," she had answered, with a laugh; but her lips had paled slightly, for Stanley's proud carelessness stung her.
"You see, I was right," she said the next morning after breakfast, when Lady Harton had expressed her regret at the contents of Hugh's letter: "he will not return."

"I jealous f" she said, in an amused tone.
"Of whom? Of whom?" she said, in an amused tone.
"Of whom? Of whom?"

And yet that evening, as the door closed after Lola and she sat alone before the mirror, she knew that she was jealous. She knew that Lady Beacham's little innuendoes were not without effect—that, pin-pricks though they were, they were hard to bear. She knew that the sight of Hugh's handwriting on an envelope addressed to Lady Beacham had made her eyes grow dim and her hands cold and tremulous; she knew that the very though of an intimacy be tween them was hateful to her. It pained and fretted her to see that others seemed to look upon a close friend-hip between them as a fact; it annoyed her to think that they regarded Lady Beacham's Influence over Hugh Cameron as potent. Not that she doubted his love for herself—she knew that her place in his heart was secure enough; but she feared the beauty and fascination which were arrayed against her; for she knew that Lady Beacham's little prize in diamonds. As Stanley's eyes fell upon it, she saw that the letter was H. and almost unloved Hugh Cameron and that she would make use of any means for winning him from the woman to whom he had plighted his troth.

She was conscious too that others might imagine that it was only Hugh's keen sense of honor which made him true to his betrothal yows—and this thought was an almost unloved replace one. She felt that she had never been had been placed in the fask of Cologne-water. 'It is really too bad to give you so much troub e!"

"Pray do not mention it," Stanley replied; "Pray do not mention it," Stanley replied; "Oh, I am better!"—with a faint smile.

loved Hugh Cameron and that she would make use of any means for winning him from the woman to whom he had plighted his troth.

She was conscious too that others might imagine that it was only Hugh's keen sense of honor which made him true to his betrothal yows—and this thought was an almost unbearable one. She felt that she had never been a popular member of society—that she had never been sought after and worshipped as Lady Beacham was. Stanley was a proud adv Beacham was. Stanley was a proud voman, and such a thought as this gave her

intense pain. frankly Hugh had always spoken of Lady Beacham and his friendship with her; but, while Stanley's troubled heart acknowledged this, she was vexed to think that the intimacy between them was so great. Why did he write to her? How was it that she had known he would not return to Combermere?

would not return to Combermere?

When, on the morning after Hugh's departure, Lord Hartop, reading the newspaper, had exclaimed at the offer of a baronetcy to Philip Cameron, Lady Beacham had seemed languidly amused at the surprise and ignorance manifested by the guests, and evidently shared by Stanley.

"Did you not know?" she asked?" raising her delicately marked eyebrows. "He will not accept it—at least, so Hugh tells me."
And, when her assertion was confirmed by the daily papers which arrived at Combermere at dinner-time, Stanley had felt the keenest pangs of jealousy. How was it that she knew nothing either of the offer or of the refusal, when Hugh had evidently written to tell Lady Beacham of both?
The clang of the dinner-bell roused the girl from her reverie, and, with a start, she rose and picked up her fan and gloves. She was late in going down to the drawing-room; and Carlos Melville, who took her in to dinner, found her somewhat absent and distratite, until, perceiving a look of sympathy in the young man's eyes, she roused herself, and was so bright and charming that she almost turned the young artist's head.
"Our heress consoles herself," Lady Beacham whispered to her escort. "I hope it won't be at the expense of a heartache'to poor Carlos Melville, who is already smitten."
There was a meaning smile in her eyes as she glanced across at Stanley, which the girl saw and understood, aithough she appeared supremely unconscious of her rival's scrutiny.
Proud, serene, and indifferent as Stanley looked, no movement of Lady Beacham's escaped her that night. The beauty seemed in the highest of spirits; she was magnificently dressed in her favorite faded blue, with diamonds about her throat and arms and in her hair. She looked so dezzlingly beautiful that every man in Lady Hartop's drawing-rooms that night was attracted to her. Stanley watched her with an ever-deepening pain at her heart. Was it possible that this radiant creature could love and not be loved in return! Had Hugh Cameron left Combermere because he teared to trust himself within reach of Lady Beacham's faccinations? Had he thought, as she herself had suggested, that "discretion was the better part of valor?" Had he found himself obliged to thy lest she should make him false to his plighted word?

Bravely, with all the strength of her nature, Stan

thought and wished to bring him back to his allegiance?

The girl's heart was heavy that night as she stood at the open window of her room. This feeling of unrest and pain was a new experience to her. Her engagement had hitherto brought her a happiness which was beautiful in its cloudless sunshine; but now her heart ached, and there was an expression of sadness in her beautiful eyes almost as if she saw what the near-future held for her.

CHAPTER XII.

CHAPTER XII.

Stanley lingered by the open window until the peace and tranquility of the beautiful night seemed to soothe her heart, deadening her strange pain. She might have lingered there onger; but a low knock at her door aroused ner with a start. It was followed by the sound of a voice speaking her name.

Without a moment's hesitation, Stanley crossed the room and unfastened the door, ittering an exclamation of surprise as she saw Lady Beacham standing on the theshold. She

lady Beacham standing on the theshold. wore a long loose white robe; her hair was falling about her shoulders, her face was very pale, and she looked worn and old. "May I come in?" she said. "I saw your

"May I come in?" she said. "I saw your lights were burning. Am I very inconsiderate?

Sne stepped into the room as she spoke, her

Sne stepped into the room as she spoke, her figure swaying unsteadily; she was breathing quickly, and the hand she held out to Stanley was trembling.

"I am glad you are awake," she went on, with a faint smile. "I was writing, when one of those horrid fainting fits came on, and I was frightened. Forgive me for troubling you!"

"I am glad you came to me, said Stanley, gently, all other feelings but sympathy and pity vanishing as she put her arm round the trembling woman and led her to a chair, into which she sank heavily, as if her strength had failed her completely. "I will ring for help," added the girl, hurriedly; but Lady Beacham grasped her dress.

"It is nothing; I am better; do not trouble!" she murmured. "Give me a little water!"

Sranley obeyed, and then gently raised the

had expressed her regret at the contents of Hugh's letter: "he will not return."

You were quite right," Stanley replied, smiling. "Did you send him away?"

"Or course not! My dear child"—and she put her hand on Stanley's shoulder—"when a man is engaged to a beauty and an heiress like yourself, any other woman has very little influence over him. You need not be jealous, I assure you!"

Stanley looked at her calmly, with a rather contemptuous expression on her face.
"I jealous?" she said, in an amused tone.
"Of whom? Of whom?"

And yet that evening, as the door closed after look and she sat alone before the mirror, she

"Pray do not mention it," Stanley replied;
"I scarcely like to leave you."
"Oh, I am better!"—with a faint smile.
Stanley went quickly out of the room in search of the smelling saits. When she returned. Lady Beacham was still lying back in the arm chair, her hair falling about her in loosened masses which almost touched the ground.

ground.
"I tried to get to the window," she said faintly; "but I was scarcely strong enough. Did you find the bottle?"

As S anley handed it to her, she saw that her ladyship's movements had further disturbed the lace about her throat and bosom, and that the glitter of diamonds had disappeared. And, as Laura feeply raised her hand to take the as Laura feebly raised her hand to take the san Laura levely raised for hand to take the samelling-salts, Stanley saw that the reverse smelling-salts, Stanley saw that the reverse side of the locket was disclosed, and that Hugh's eyes were smiling up at her out of the little golden frame. She could not check a slight recolling movement. Lady Beacham looked at her through her long lashes.

"I understand and that, wou," the girl re-

"I am afraid I have alarmed and distressed you terribly," she said—"you are so pale! I am very grieved; but—" "Pray do not speak of it!" Stanley interrupted quickly. "I am only too glad to have been of use to you. You are really better now, I think?"
"Oh you but these attack."

lthink?"

''Oh, yes; but these attacks are so trying—they leave me quite prostrate! I dare say you know the sensation—do you not?"

'No," rejoined S'anley quietly; "I have never fainted."

'Noer? How strong you must be!"—with a weary sigh, as she closed her eyes and let her head fall back languidly. "Life without health is scarcely worth having!"

S'anley looked at her quickly; there was something intensely pathetic in her manner and voice, and the beautiful pale face was sad as well as wan. As the girl looked, she felt a sharp pang of self-reproach at the thought which had crossed her mind—that Lady Beacham's illness was feigned. She had recalled Lola's words once or twice during the last ten minutes, although she had striven to dismiss them. It would have been impossible to feign that pallor of cheek and lip, that faint breathing, that ic y coldness of the hands; besides, Stanley thought, Lady Beacham would not willingly have betrayed the secret of her love for Hugh Cameron to the woman whom he loved. The girl averted her eyes lest they should rest again upon the handsome face which looked at her from its soft frame of lace and cambric; but the keen eyes watching her beneath the half-closed lids saw that she was and cambric; but the keen eyes watching her beneath the half-closed lids saw that she was strangely pale; and a throb of a xultation stirred the heart which beat under Hugh Cameron's

A brief silence ensued, which Lady Beacham

broke, raising herself rather languidly from the cushions.

"I must not keep you from your rest any longer, you pretty pale child!" she said, with a faint smile. "But it was fortunate for me that you were burning the midnight oil! You have been so good to me! How can I thank ou!"
"By saying no more about it," Stanley answered, with a coldness she could not hide. "There is really no need. Are you well enough to return to your room? Mine is at your service for as long as you care to use it."
"Oh, I can manage, if you wil give me your arm down the corridor!" she replied, rising with a strange, tottering movement. "It would not do to fall by the way. I might not meet with two good Samaritans in one night."
She put her hand within Stanley's arm as she spoke, and the girl felt its icy coldness through the sleeve of the loose wrapper she wore; and again she experienced a thrill of compunction and self reproach.
"Will you not have a shawl?" she asked, less coldly.
"Oh, no—Lam not cold!"

"Will you not have a shawl?" she asked, less coldly.

"Oh, no—I am not cold!"

She withdrew her hand from Stanley's arm and began to draw together the loosened folds of her wrapper. As she did so she seemed suddenly to become aware that the locket had been disclosed; for she uttered a sharp exclamation and turned towards Stanley. The girl's eyes met hers with a calm cold expression, before which Lady Beacham's own glance fell, and she seemed to tremble as she hurriedly endeavored to fasten the lace and ribbons.

"I did not krow!" she murmured. "Oh, how dreadfu!! Oh, let me go before I give you any further trouble!"

She seemed to be unconscious of what she said or did as she staggered towards the door. Stanley followed and put her arm round her.

"You cannot go alone," she said quietly; "you must allow me to assist you."

"No, no—you are too good!" Lady Beacham murmured; but she leaned heavily on the girl's arm as she led her slowly down the dimly-lighted corridor, and, when they r ached her room, she sank heavily into a chair near the writing-table.

The candles on her dressing table were still burning, and a reading lamp shed a soft light upon the papers with which her writing table

writing table.

The candles on her dressing table were still burning, and a reading lamp shed a soft light upon the papers with which her writing table was strewn. Suddenly she uttered a low cry and looked with an expression of horror and distress at Stanley, who lingered, uncertain whether to leave her or not.

"I sent you for my smelling bottle," she said, hoarsely. "Where did you find it?"

"On the table, Stanley replied, quietly—"just where your hand is resting.

"Ah!"—and Lady Beacham rose from her seat as if roused by some sudden thought.

"Then you saw," she exclaimed, wildly—"you could not help seeing— Oh"—sinking back into her chair with a moan—"what have I done? Will you ever forgive me?"

Stanley drew herself up a little haughtily.

"Let me assure you that there is no necessity for you to distress yourself, Lady Beacham," she said quietly. "I have seen nothing that you did not wish me to see. Is there anything else I can do for you? You seem very ill still. Let me call your maid."

"Oh, no—I am quite myself again!" answered Lady Beacham quickly. "You have been very good to me, ard I have repaid your goodness so badly; but"—she rose, and, leaning forward and speaking earnestly, added—"Hugh and I are very old friends, Miss Gerant. You will not doubt him because vou have seen.—"

"Doubt Hugh!" echoed Stanley scornfully.

"It is out of your power or any one's else to make me do that, Lady Beacham!"

A sudden flush of anger tinted Laura Beacham's pale face and her hand shook as she raised

"It is nothing; I am better; do not trouble!"
she nurmured. "Give me a little water!"
Stanley obeyed, and then gently raised the drooping head and laid her back more comfortably in the chair. little comedy failed? Had she missed her stroke, or had it fallen harmlessly upon Stanley's armor of perfect loyalty? Could there be in all the wide world a woman of such faith that the sight of her lover's portrait resting on the bosom of another woman could rouse in her no jealousy? Could she see unmoved her lover's name coupled with the epithet "dearest" written in another's hand in a letter to him? Had this carefully-planned little plot failed, although every detail had been studied and meditated upon?

There was only calm indifference in Stanley's eyes as they met Lady Beacham's fixed upon her with a half deprecating, half-angry expression; and, if she was somewhat pale, the late-

her with a half deprecating, half-angry expression; and, if she was somewhat pale, the lateness of the hour and the alarm she had felt at Laura Beacham's cleverly-feigned illness might easily account for that.

To Stanley's noble nature even a prevarication was hateful; and those few moments during which she stood silently facing her rival were most painful; yet she had never had stronger faith in the man she loved than she had then. And Lady Beacham, who recognized that faith, experienced a feeling of passionate anger rising in her heart, filling it with hatred and fury. She was too clever an actress however to betray her feeling, and her eyes seemed full of kindness and compassion as they rested upon the girl's proud face.

"Your faith is very beautiful and well founded, I am sure," she said tenderly. "But you are young, and you must not expect to have all your ideals realized. Hugh Cameron is only a man after all—and you will soon learn that all one ideal have 'fact of elay."

have all your ideals realized. Hugh Cameron is only a man after all—and you will soon learn that all our idols have 'feet of clay.' Miss Gerant," she added earnestly, "do not think me a croaking old woman if I warn you against too implicit faith and too great expectation, Hugh is true and noble; but he lived six and twenty years before he knew you—and men are not by nature faithful"

twenty years before he knew you—and men are not by nature faithful."

Stanley looked at her with frank steadfast eyes, and smiled, although her heart beat with painful violence as she listened to the gently-spoken words and remembered that she too had wondered sometimes about those years of Hugh's past in which she had had no share.

"I am sure you think you ought to warn me, Lady Beacham," she replied quietly. "Am I to thank you for the warning and the interest you evince in my happiness and Hugh's? I feel flattered, I assure you!"

"I see," said Lady Beacham, with rather a sorrowful intonation—"I have annoyed you. I am sorry for it, because you have been so good

plied. "And now, as it is growing late, or rather early, and you seem to have recovered, Lady Beacham, will you excuse me if I leave

you?'
Lady Beacham had failed, and she understood

You? 'Lady Beacham had failed, and she understood her failure; but she was too perfect an actress to relinquish her part until there was no necessity for continuing it.

"You leave me in coldness and misunderstanding," she said gently. "But I must bear it because I cannot explain. Good night, and thank you for your kindness to me just now." She held out her hand with a deprecating look; and, after a moment's hesitation, so slight as to have been almost imperceptible. Stanley touched it with her own.

"Good night," she said. "You are sure I can do nothing more for you?"

"Yes—there is one thing," replied Lady Beacham quickly—"forgive me!"

"I know of nothing to forgive," returned Stanley, as she moved towards the door. "Once more, good night."

The door closed after her, and she stood alone in the dimly lighted corridor. The lamps were turned down very low, and Stanley's white figure looked dim and shadowy as she went on to her room, The girl was breathing quickly, and, when she had locked her door, she stood motionless, and, leaning against it, put her hand to her heart.

At the same moment Lady Beacham, sitting at her writing table, without a trace of faintness or languor, but with a very pale face, had drawn a telegraph form towards her, and was writing these words—"I have done my best, and failed. It is your

writing these words—
"I have done my best, and failed. It is your turn now.

(To be Continued.)

The Dangers of the Summer Vacation.

The Dargers of the Summer Vacation.

Though the summer touring season is practically over now in Canada for this year, yet many who have just returned may have not entirely escaped some ill effects from their summer vacation, and may profit by the following advice given by the British Medical Journal, in future years.

It says: "The unexpected death of Mr. Firth, M.P., has excited much interest. It is not so much the puolic services of the deceased as the circumstances of his death that call for notice in our columns. Mr Firth fell a prey to the summer vacation, and many less known men fall victims to the same agreeable institution.

The middle aged tourist must be chary of undertaking tasks which involve physical fatigue which could be undergone with ease when he was younger. His chief want during his vacation is rest. A reaso: able amount of exercise is good, but still, rest is his principal requirement. No doubt rest also requires precautions, especially against errors of diet, but hard exercise involves greater risks. In mature age the tourist who has realized the beauties of nature in youth can contemplate them and reflect upon them with profit. Such is his holiday work. He is fitted for contemplation and reflection. He must partake with studied moderation of pleasures for which he has become less fitted. It is not an unwholesore sign when the experienced traveler tells his friends that a top of a mountain looks best when viewed from the valley. We are not taking into account exceptional individuals, who are, physically, young men at the age of fifty; we speak of that great majority of the mature who are too apt to rely on the experience of older friends with evergreen constitutions.

The Three Graces.

"Who is that lady dressed in black, mamma?" asked Bobby, as he sat with his mother on a

teamboat.

That is a Sister of Charity, my boy," replied his mother.

Bobby pondered deeply for a moment, and then said: "Which is she, mamma-Faith or Hope?"

A Convincing Argument.

Mrs. Skinnphlint (doubtfull:) — Josiah, there's a peddler at the door with a rug worth \$10. He effers it for \$1. I would like to buy it, but I'm afraid it wouldn't be just exactly honest, He must have stolen it or he wouldn't offer it so

must have stolen it or he wouldn't offer it so cheap.

Mr. Skinnphifnt (excitedly)—What? A \$10 rug for \$1? Why, certainly he— But no. If he says he didn't steal it, and of course he'll say so, that will settle it as far as we are concerned. We can't prove it, you know. I'll question him myself. (Goes to door and addresses peddler pocosely.) How much did you say you wanted for this rug? One doilar, hey? m'n. It's worth perhaps half that. I'm afraid—ha! ha!—I'm afraid you stole this rug somewhere, my friend.

Peddler (terror-stricker)—Yes, sir, I did! But don't give me away, for heaven's sake!

Mr. Skinnphlint (somewhat taken aback, but recovering himself and exchanging a silver dollar for the rug)—Thats all right, Mary Jane. We don't know whether he's relling the truth or not. A man that'll steal will lie about it.—C'hicago Tribune.

A Hint to Country Editors.

The following announcement appeared in a

"To our respected readers!

"Being aware that farmers have no time to read our paper during the summer season, we have just concocted a plan for making this periodical render them good service. In future, during the months of June, July and August, it will be printed on fly paper. All that is required is to damp the sheet, sprinkle sugar over it, and lay it on a plate. It by any chance a fly should escape the general slaughter, it may be regarded as immortal, our preparation being sudden death to these pests.

sudden death to these pests,
"P.S.- We warn our fellow-editors that they are strictly prohibited from copying our example. The system is patented. -La Croix.

His Chances Improving. "Do you love me, dear?" asked Chol'y

"Do you love line, dear; asked Chory softly.
"Well, Cholly," said Molly, "to tell the truth, I am not quite sure; but I think perhaps I could love you enough to be your wife if you could only manage to get your salary raised."—
Somerville Journal.

Good for the Health. Jenks (who has taken to horseback riding,

and bounces about ten inches at every step)—
Ah? How dy-do, Blinks! I think horseback riding is good for the health, don't you?
Blinks Yes, Indeed. All who see you will be benefited. Laugh and grow fat, you know.
—N. Y. Weeklu. -N. Y. Weckly.

Pertinent Queries.

Why do we always talk of putting on a coat Why do we always talk of putting on a coat and vest? No one puts on a coat before a vest, We also say putting on shoes and stockings. But who puts on the shoes before the stockings? We also put up signs telling people to wipe their feet when we mean their boots or shoes. And a father tells a boy he will warm his jacket when he means to warm his pan'a loons. We are a little eccentric in our phrases, ain't we, at times?

One of Eli Perkins' Stories.

One day, when they were criticising Dr. Bliss, General Sheridan came to the doctor's

defense.
"Dr. Bliss was a good physician," said Gen eral Sherican. "He saved my life once."
"How it How did Bliss save your life?"

One day they sent for Dr. Agnew, of Phila delphia, and he gave me some medicine, but I kept getting worse. Then they sent for Dr. Frank Hamilton and he gave me some medicine, but I grew worse and worse. Then they sent for Dr. Bliss, and—"
"And you still grew worse?"
"No, Dr. Bliss didn't come; He saved my life!"

An Important Matter.

Wedding guest-Where's the bridegroom?
Bride-Just gone out on a little errand.
Wedding guest-Sc mething important, I suppose, or ne wouldn't have left you so soon after

Bride—Oh, yes; he went out to see if papa's wedding check was good.—Epoch.



WHICH WILL IT BE?

Which is the fairest, a rose or a lily?
Which is the sweetest, a peach or a pear?
Merry's coquetish, and charming is Milly;
Dora is gentle and fair.
Sweet as a flower was her face when I kissed
(Love is the romance and glory of life,)
Milly, my playmate, I love "like a sister,"
But Dora I choose for my wife.

But Dora I choose for my wife.

That is right, young man, marry the girl you love, by all means, if she will have you Should her health become delicate and her beauty fade after marriage, remember that this is usually due to functional disturbances weaknesses irregularities, or painful disorders peculiar to her sex, in the cure of which Dr Pierce's Favorite Prescription is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded. See the printed certificate of guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

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"God bless:

Lord Elwyn's Daughter

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

Whilst Sir Adrian Deverell was sitting in the drawing room at Green street waiting for Lucille to return, he made use of the idle moments to inform Lady Elwyn of what he had learnt from Mrs. Hyam concerning Lord Elwyn's last hours. He told her gravely and emphatically that she had maligned and traduced an innocent girl, and that it was Lucille, and not Kathleen, who had done the mischief and given to her uncle the shock which had been his death blow, whilst she had subsequently meanly and basely hidden her own share in the tragedy of the evening in order to cast the blame of it all upon Kathleen.

Little unsteadily. "I think you are the best and sweetest woman in the world!" And then he raised her hand swiftly and pressed his lips reverently upon her sleed her hand swiftly and pressed his lips reverently upon her sleed her hand swiftly and pressed his lips reverently upon her sleed her hand swiftly and pressed his lips reverently upon her slender fingers.

In another moment he was gone, and Kathleen stood alone in the little hall, a glow of happiness upon her face and a mist of tears in her eyes.

"I love him better than all the world!" she said to herself. "I would give my life for him never be anything to him!"

With a great effort she dashed away her tears and stilled the fierce beatings of her heart. When she rejoined Mary in the next room, she was her own sweet calm self again—the Kathleen of these latter days whom Mary knew and the properties of the strength of the shear that he had a sweetest woman in the world!" And then he raised her hand swiftly and pressed his lips reverently upon her slender fingers.

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leen.
"How she could have done so foul a deed and found it in her heart to blacken Kathleen

"How she could have done so foul a deed and found it in her heart to blacken Kathleen to her father to such an extent as to prove fatal to his life fills me with as much amazement as horror! Can you wonder, Lady Elwyn, after what I have heard to day, that I should have come to a very serious conclusion concerning your niece?"

Lady Elwyn look ad distressed and miserable. She could find nothing to answer; but she tried to make excuses for her favorite as best she could, pleaded her youth and her ignorance of what she was doing, and muttered something angrily concerning the incubus which Kathleen Elwyn had been to them both.

"You must forgive her, Adrian!" she said, seeing how gloomy and stern he looked. "She really loves you; and, when she is your wife, half her faults will disappear. It would break her heart if anything happened to prevent her marriage to you. You do not, I trust, intend—"She paused apprehensively, looking at him anxiously." Intend to marry Lucille if she still wishes.

anxiously.

"I intend to marry Lucille if she still wishes

anxiously.

"I intend to marry Lucille if she still wishes it," he replied, gravely.

Laty Elwya breatned again; she knew as well as Lucilie did what a fine place Deverell Hall was, and what a handsom; rent roll his estates brought in to him.

"I will marry her," continued the Baronet steraly, "upon conditions which I will reveal to her, if you and she will sign a paper which I will draw up ex nerating Kathleen Elwyn from all blame concerning her father's death."

Lady Elwyn laughed nervously.

"Oh, dear me—yes," she cried lightly—"we will sign anything you like, of course! No don't we made a mistake; and you know dear Lucille has been very ill since—and no wonder if her memory has not proved quite trustworthy. You must take all that into consideration and forgive her, Adrian!"

"Very well," he said, with a sigh; "if she will make full reparation to Kathleen, I will entirely forgive her;" and he covered his brow with his hand with a gesture of weariness. No one save himself knew how terrible a thing that complete and perfect forgiveness meant to him.

"At any rate," continued his companion,

him.

"At any rate," continued his companion,
"Lucille's heart cannot be very bad, or she
would not have devoted the whole of this very
day to the society of the girl whom you say she
has traduced and slandered."

A trian looked up quickly.

By the way, what made her go? It strikes
me as a very extraordinary proceeding!"

"Not at all. Kathleen wrote to her and
a-ked her to go. The lady who lives with her
was to be away all day, I believe."

"Indeed!" He was silent for a few moments,
blinking deeply.

thinking deeply.

"No doubt Kathleen has kept her to dine—findeed she must have done so, or she would have been back by now. Will you stay and dine with me, Adrian, and wait till her return to the start of the sta

urn?"
He stood up and held out his hand.
'N, thank you, Lady Elwyn. I will dine at a club. I will wish you good night now."
A sadden suspicion and a sudden resolve had one simultaneously into his mind—a suspicion foul play and a resolve to find out the truth or himself at all risks. He did not take Lady lwyn into his confidence; but, when he got utside her door, he hailed a passing hansom and iumped into it.

and jumped into it.
"Drive to Claymore Gardens as quickly as possible!" he said to the cabman; and the hansom started off at a rattling pace down the

thleen and Mary had nearly finished their Subleen and Mary had nearly finished their uple little dinner together, when they were ried by the loud ringing of the door-bell. Who can it be?" cried Mary Hale; and thleen answered laughingly:

It must be the devoted one!"—that being playful name she had given to Mr. Blakely, young doctor, whose attentions to her friend now become too marked to admit of misstruction.

But surely you wrote to her yesterday and invited her to come and see you to-day—you told her that Miss Hale would be away, and requested her to come and spend the day with

Sir Adrian, you must be dreaming! I have ther heard from nor written to Miss Maitder heard from nor written to Miss Maitder heard from nor written to Miss Maitder told you such a thing!"

Ludy Ewya told me so. I have just left thouse. She is now expecting her niece to man to dinner; that is why I came here, inding to escort her back."

I have not seen her," replied Kathleen ally.

leen stood alone in the little hall, a glow of happiness upon her face and a mist of tears in her eyes.

"I love him better than all the world!" she said to herself. "I would give my life for him—die gladty to make him happy—and yet I can never be anything to him!"

With a great effort she dashed away her tears and stilled the fierce beatings of her heart. When she rejoined Mary in the next room, she was her own sweet calm self again—the Kathleen of these latter days whom Mary knew and loved—the Kathleen who had lost a good deal of the fresh spring of her early girlhood, who was no longer the bright hopeful maiden of the Brussels school-days, but a sad-eyed woman who knew what sorrow was, whose heart had ceased to hope aught for herself, but who for others was always tender and compassionate, and who in her gentle womanliness was infinitely attractive and lovable.

S-1 Adrian Deverell went down to his club in Pall Mall, and, beginning to feel desperately hungry, he walked into the dining-room, sat down at the first empty table he came to, and ordered the waiter to bring to him something to eat immediately.

"Hallo, Deverell!" said a voice behind him.
"I heard you were in Scotland!"
He turned round and found his old friend Colone! Hepburn seated at the table behind him.
"Who told you that?" he cried in answer, as

Colonel Hepburn seated at the table bening him.

"Who told you that?" he cried in answer, as he shook hands warmly with him. "Somebody who knew more about my affairs than I know myself, seeing that I am here!"

"Well, it was somebody who ought to have known your affairs better than anybody else in the world, my dear fellow!" cried Colonel Hepburn laughingly.

"Indeed! And pray who on earth may that be?"

"Indeed! And pray who on earth may that be?"

"Why, no less a person than your beautiful fiance herself—Miss Maitland!"

The waiter had just put his soup down in front of him; but, hungry as he was, D-verell dropped his spoon and turned round hastily towards his friend upon hearing these words. "For the love of Heaven," he cried with agitation, "tell me where you saw Miss Maitland last, Hepburn!"

The colonel was considerably startled by the solemnity of this appeal; but, perceiving at once that something serious was involved in the question, he answered immediately, with becoming gravity of manner:

"I saw her to-day. She was perfectly well. It is not many hours ago since I stood very near her."

"Where?" almost gasped Adrian, laying his hand upon his friend's arm.

"At Uxerton steeplechases, Is anything wrong, old man?"

Adrian controlled himself with difficulty,
"Whom was she with?" he asked, after a short pause.

"Miss Maitland told me she was with friends.

"Whom was she with?" he asked, after a short pause.

"Miss Maitland told me she was with friends. At first I imagined she must be staying in the neighborhood; but afterwards a man told me he had seen her at Euston station in the morning; so I presume she went down by train. When I spoke to her, she was sitting on the box-seat of the —th Dragoons' coach—I had been s'aying with the —th—the Major is an old friend of mine; but I had to come up to town to-night. Miss Maitland seemed very well and happy; but she was naturally much surrounded—all the fellows were talking to her at once; so I had only the chance of a word with her, and that was when she told me you had gone to Scotland. When the races were over, I went back to the coach and offered my services to help to find her friends for her; but she said they were certain to come for her and declined my assistance; so, as I had not much time to spare to carch the train, I hurried away. And that is all I can tell you about her, Deverell. For Heaven's sake, man, don't look so strangely at me! Is anything wrong? Did you not know she was at Uxerton races?"

"No, Hepburn, I did not know it; I did not those were as a ward was. Her aunt Lady Elwyn.

"No, Hepburn, I did not know it; I did not know where she was. Her aunt Lady Elwyn does not know; she imagined she was spending the day with friends in town. The fact is, Hepburn, Miss Maitland has not come back ver!"

and the dy the loud ringing of the door-bell. "Who can it be!!" cried Mary Hale; and who can it be!!" cried Mary Hale; and the devoted one!"—that being playful name she had given to Mr. Blakely, evoung doctor, whose attentions to her friend in now become too marked to admit of missimulation. "Nonsense!" cried Mary, blushing; and en a man's voice was heard ou side in the halt, and in another moment Sir Adrian werell entered the dining-room. He cast a rapid searching glance round the pa, and saw in a moment that Kathleen and they were alone. "I roughly the said to Kathleen as he ok her proffered hand and met her glance of glit surprise and confusion—"forgive me for look for Lucille. She has left you, I presume in most have missed her." "Yes—a horrid journey for her, poor girl!" and the waiter for a Bradshaw.

"I have not seen Lucille! What makes to head her."
"I have not seen Lucille! What makes a clean breast of thi

am quite in the dark as to whom miss mattand can have gone with to those races to-day; and it is absolutely essential to me to find out. Can you not remember anybody who seemed to be with her—any lady with whom she was?" Colonel Hepburn shook his head thought-fully.

Colonel Hepburn shook his head thoughtfully.

"No; I don't remember anybody but the fellows of the —th about her. But she had been sitting in the stand at first, I fancy. No doubt the rest of her party were there."

Adrian seemed to be plunged in thought for some moments; then suddenly he asked another question.

other question. "Forgive me for harping upon this subject, old chap; but can you tell me whether a man called Doyle was at Uxerton to day—Laurence

friend!"-and Adrian grasped the Colonel's

friend!"—and Adrian grasped the Colondarmly.

"There will be words and perhaps blows between these two men," the Colonel said to himself, 'and it is just as well that a soberm'inded third party, with his temper under good control, should be present to see that no public scandal arises out of their meeting."

And then they went up stairs to while away the hours with tobacco and billiards until it should be time to s'art for the Euston terminus,

(To be Continued.)

The Smart American Girl.

The Smart American Girl.

The proprietor of a fash'onable West End (London) hotel does not receive young ladies who are unaccompanied by chaperons, though they hail from the United States. The other day a saucy young damsel from Boston went bowling along Piccadi ly in high spirits and a spick and span new hansom. The "fetching" combination pulled up at the — hotel. She bounced in and saked if she could have a room for the night. Before the clerk could twist a smile with which to decorate his regrets that every apartment in the house was engaged the young lady snapped out: "My mamma will be here to-night from Liverpool. I've telegraphed for her."

young lady snapped out: "My mamma will be here to-night from Liverpool. I've telegraphed for her." 'Oh, very well; in that case you can, perhaps, be accommodated." gently suggested the clerk. The new arrival went on, in a voice tremulous with irritation. "Perhaps you'd like me to send for my father, too, and my sisters, and my cousins, my aunts, and a grandfather or two." "Mamma will answer the purpose nicely," the clerk replied with serenity. "Oh, I'm glad to know that," replied the Boston lassie with a toss of the head. "Because, if it will appease your suspicions as to who I am, I can show you my visiting card, a certificate of my birth, the pedigree of my family for three generations back, and the vaccination mark on my right arm." The clerk bowed humbly, and the young lady trotted off to her apartment.

How She Did It.

Typo's Girl (eager for the proposal)—What do you say in the office when you have set up a column, John?

Typo—O, I just sing out, "My galley's ready."

She—You bet your gal is ready, John, and she's been ready for a long rime.

A Matter of Congratulation.



Benny—We children have lots to be thankful for, don't we, mamma? Mrs. Rodman—Yes, dear; but what made you think of tha:? Benny—Spose you'd had a hand like taat just after you caught me in th' jam-closet yes-terday?

The Ever-revolving Whee!. Dr. A. (meeting his college friend af'er a long absence)—Do you remember Miss Korn, with whom we danced often, when we were students

whom we danced often, when we were students together?

Dr. B. (after reflection)—Ha, ha! you mean that good-looking, but dreadfully frivolous young lady of whom you used to say that you pitied the man who might chance to marry her. Well, what about her?

Dr. A—Ahem! what about her? Why she is now my wife.

Couldn't Afford a Singer.

A nervous old lady was sitting near the door in a Midland train, when the brakeman stuck his head in at the door and yelled out the name of the station.

Good gracious, what an awful voice!" cried

"Good gracious, what an awful voice!" cried the oid lady as she jumped about three feet. "How can you howl like that and frighten a body to death?"
The brakeman looked angry for a minute and then said: "Excuse me, madam, if you don't like my voice I m sorry; but if you think that this line can engage a \$5.000 tenor soloist to sing out the name of the stations in the key of A sharp and warble between whiles, you're mistaken."
The old lady had nothing further to say.

A Man of Grief.

Kind Soul—My husband is such a dear sympathizing creature! When I am chopping a pile of firewood out in the yard, he'll sit half a day before the fire and weep at my having to work so hard!

Bathing in England.

"I have not seen her," replied Kathleen faintly.

"I have not seen seen to tell her that she was on the verge of some great crisis of her life. Altrain's face was pale, his lips were set, and altrain's face was pale, his lips were set, and altrain's face was pale, his lips were set, and altrain's face was pale, his lips were set, and altrain's face was pale, his lips were set, and altrain's face was pale, his lips were set, and lines of care were upon his brow. Did he suspect that some evil had befallen his betrothed alter imagination ran rapidly over all the horself of the magination ran rapidly over all the horself of the magination ran rapidly over all the horself of the magination ran rapidly over all the horself of the magination ran rapidly over all the horself of the magination ran rapidly over all the horself of the magination ran rapidly over all the horself of the magination ran rapidly over all the horself of the magination ran rapidly over all the horself of the magination ran rapidly over all the face and the might have befallen in the last race—Decision—belongs to him." "All then it is all as clear as daylight to me now!" answered Deverell, with conviction." "An then it is all as clear as daylight to me now!" answered Deverell, with conviction." I must tell you everything, Heptura, This Laurence Doyle is a man whom I most particularly object to. I have requested Miss Maltiand todrop his acquaintance, and she promised met do do so. It is evident that, belief the house early, before her am the fit her room; she had told her she was missed to do the she and the fit of the magination of the way she has taken the opportunity of going away with the man to these taces.

"Oh, I do not suppose she can have been adjusted to the soft of the way in the seen that the man house of the soft of the way in the seen that the sum of the way in the seen that the seen that the seen that the sum of the way in the seen that the seen that

men, soldiers and officers, while others belong to the more humble callings of life. The sole requisite to membership of this club is that a man shall take a dip in the Serpentine every morning of every day in the year. The only conditions which excuse it are a driving rain or snow-storm. In the winter the ice is regularly broken so that there is a hole large enough for the members of the club to get through, and the extraordinary spectacle is presented of a man plunging into the ice-cold water while others are shivering in fur coats watching them. It is said that none of the members of the club ever have colds or sore throat, which is rather startling in view of what they undergo. In Scotland there is a regiment which is famous for this sort of thing—nearly all the men in the corps breaking the ice for a morning dip in midwinter.

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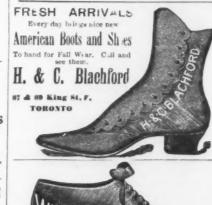
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Pullman Porter (astonished)—Half a dollar Bless me, miseus, I neber had a lady to gib me a tip befo.'
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Two of the Greatest New York Successes

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday Evenings, also Saturday Matinee OFFENBACH'S SPARKLING OPERA

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GENEE AND ZELL'S CHARMING WORK

As performed 300 consecutive nights at the New York Casino to packed houses.)

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No Advance in Prices NEW PATTERN BONNETS AND HATS SEATS NOW ON SALE

THE PEOP E'S POPULAR CONCERT HORTICULTURAL PAVILION

Thursday Evening, Oct. 17

ARTISTS:

S. MARIE HARRISON, St. Catharines Soprano St. HORRING, Soloist Jarvis St. Baptist Church Soprano S MARIE C. STRONG Mezzo Contralto A favorite in Toronto FRED WARRISOTON. Baritone

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FRED WARRINGTON. Bartone
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FERRENT L. CLARKE. Cornet Soloist
CHAUTACQUA ORGINESTRA. 20 Instruments
ARTHUR DEFENS. Conductor and Planist Tickets on sale at Nordhelmers', Sucklings', and Whaley & Royce's.

General Admission 25c. Reserved Seats 50c. 10 a.m.
MR. F. WARRINGTON, MR. J. M. DEPEW,
Musical Director. Secretary Treas.

Concert at 8 p.m. sharp GRAND MILITARY CONCERT XIII. BATTALION OF HAMILTON

Assisted by Mrs. MacKelean and Mr. Schuch Horticultural Pavilior, Thursday, October 24 Reserved seats 50c. Admission 25c. Box plan opens at Nordheimer's Thursday, October 17, at 10 a.m.

SEAL SACQUES

No garment a lady can wear in winter combines so much of comfortable warmth, richness and elegance in appearance for so reasonable a price as does a Sealskin Sacque. Anticipating a very great rise in the price of skins we bought early, and are now prepared to show the season's styles in a great variety of shapes and prices very little in advance of last year. Remember sealskins have advanced forty per cent., and are still going up. We guarantee all our Seal Garments FRIDAY AND SATURDAY EVENINGS to be made from the best Alaska Sealskins, London dye. We invite you to call and examine them.

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The Art Gallery of the Academy of Music will be opened early in November with an exhibition of Foreign and Canadian Pictures. Nearly two hundred entries have already been received, including several from this year's Paris Salon. Works by members of the Royal Canadian Academy or Ontario Society, or by well-known artists will be accepted provided they have not already been exhibited in Toronto. All others subject to the approval of the Hanging Committee. All pitures admitted free. Prizes of gold and silver medals will be awarded. Forms of entry and further particulars on application to

PERCIVAL T GREENE, Secretary,
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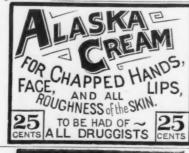
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Mantles, Walking Jackets, Ulsters, Wraps Waterproof Cleaks, Shawls, Manile Cloths, Mantle Plushes, Sealeties, Etc., bought at 46c. on the dolor selling at half price during this sale.

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Gold Medalist Dyers and Cleaners

We make a specialty of the finer grades of work, such as Silks, Velvets, Plushes, Damask, Rep or Brocatelle Curtains, Table Covers, &c. Ladies' and Gent's wearing apparel cleaned by our new chemical process, which prevents shrinking.

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Is a complete revelation to cooks. With only one Wanzer Lamp 9 lbs. of beef is beautifully roasted and basted, while vegetables are being boiled and pudding or fish cocked at

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A 3-course dinner is all put on at the same time, left absolutely alone, and all taken off at the same time, and better cooked than over a range. No odor of food in the room. Cost of fuel per meal only one-half cent. Send for catalogue.

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and 138 Carlton Street The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb Births.

LOVELL-At Toronto, on October 4, Mrs. James 8 CLARK-At Toronto, on October 1, Mrs. D. W. Clark-POLE—At Toronto, on October 2, Mrs. James G. Pole—a daughter.
PARK-At Brantford, Oat., on October 3, Mrs. E. P. ark - a son. McBRIDE—At Toronto, on October 1, Mrs. R. H. McBride ighter. NNER—At Adrian, Michigan, on September 27, Mrs.

MASSEY-At Toronto, on October 6, Mrs. W. E. H. assey—daughter. COLE if a N—At Faribault, Minn., on September 27, Kay Coleman—a son. STUART—At Hamilton, on October 2, Mrs. P. H. Stuart hter AN-At Toronto, on October 7, Mrs. R. G. McL an GGART-At Toronto, on October 6, Mrs. D. Haggart SMIT-1-At Toronto, on October S, Mrs. John C. Smith-

Marriages. GOUINLOCK—WATSON—At the residence of the bride's nother, Paris, on Oc ober 10, by the Rev. E. Cockburn leo. W. Gouinlock, architect. Toronto, to Georgie, young

Geo. W. Gouislock, architect. Toronto, to Georgie, young est daughter of the 1.t Jos. Watson, LAIS: ILEY-DENNY-At Brockville, o October 1, C. Leishley of Barrie, to Lillias J De ny of Brockville. REID-SIEVERIGHT-At Huntsvill, on October 1, John Dawson Reid, o Elizabeth Helen Sieveright. SPINK-BERKINSH AW-At Toronto, on October 2, John H. Naink, to Ida C. Berkinshaw. B. Spirk, to Ida C. Berkinshaw.

MILLS—SNYDER—At Elena, on October I, John Arthur
Mills of Guelph, t. Lizzie H. Snyder.
JOHNYD ON-MOWBR YF—At Kinsale, on October 5,
Arthur Johnston of Greenwood, to Emmeline C. Mowbray
of Kinsale.

Arthur Jounston of Greenwood, to Emmeline C. Mowbray of Kinsale.

HODGINS—SCOBLE—At New York, Dr. J G. Hodgins of Toronto, to Helen Fortescue Scolle.

ROWE—MCCLUNG—At Brampton, on O-tober 3, Rev. Elliots. S. Rowe, to Mattie Mcclung of Bowmanville.

STU-4DY—PICKERING—At Toronto, on October 2
George Sturdy, to Jane Pickering.
H-SLUTT—BONNICE—At Toronto, on October 5, Robert Hashits. L. D. S., to Agnes Bonnick.

COOK—CAPON—At Toronto, on October 2, George H. Cook, L. D. S. of Clinton, to Emily F. Capon.
MCCAFFREY—RAYMER—At Toronto, on October 2, James McCaffrey, to Fanny A. Raymer.

WATSON—CUNGDON—At Islington, on October 2, Elward Jesse Watson of Okonagan, British Col. mbia, to Hannah Congdon.

J*RVIS—HIMSWORTH—At Toronto, Edmund Meredith Jarvis, to Cura Louisa Himsworth.

J.RVIS—HIMSWORTH—At Toronto, Edmund Meredith Jarvis to Cara Louisa Himsworth.
JOHNSON—STOREY—At Toronto, on October 1, John W. John son, to Rachel Helen Storey.
NEELIN—DOHERTY—At Toronto, on October 3, Gregg Neelin of Ottawa, to Margaret Doherty of Toronto.
ELLIS—COOK—At Toronto, on October 7, Henry J. W. Elins, to Bertha M. Cook.
GILMOUR—EDGAR—At West Toronto Junction, on October 8, Dr. J. T. Glimsur, to Margie Edgar.
HOBAIRT—PEPLOW—At Port Hope, on September 25, S. Walter Hobart of Kingston, to Mary Peplow of Port Hope.

ope. PRICE-COPPING-At Toronto, on October 0, Fred. W.

Deaths. LEE -At Edinburgh, Scotland, Mrs. Louisa Lee, aged 87

years.

MOREHOUSE—At Parkdale, Mrs. Ed. Morehouse.

SWINBOURN—At Toronto, on October 4, Mrs. G. H. TIME-At To:onto, on October 5, Mrs Mary Timms, red 69 years. WHITE-At Toronto, on October 5, Charles P. White, GREEN-At Orangeville, Ont., John Green, aged 55

year«. GRUBBE-At Toronto, on October 3, William Grubbe, DALL'S-At Toronto, on October 3, Marr Dallas, aged ALTER - At Brantford, on October 3, Canon Geo. J. R. HOP WOOD-At Toronto, on October 4, Mary Alice Hopwood. SCHLENKER-At Todmorden, on October 1, Martin Schlenker, aged 54 years. DUNLOP-At Toronto, on Outober 8, Elizabeth Dunlop,

aged 96 years.
LICHTBOURN—At Toronto, on October 8, Gilbert Suther-land Lightbourn aged 1 year.
WINTER—At Toronto, on October 6, Mrs. Bridget Winter.
HAL:—At Melbourne, Australia, on March 29, Edwin
Hall, aged 44 years.
JUDD—At Toronto, on October 7, Sarah Judd.
OGILVY—At Brechin, Scotland, on October 5, Mrs.
Margaret Smith Ordive, aged 89 years.

Margaret Smith Ogilvy, aged 89 years. RAMSAY-At Hamilton, on October 8, Alex. Ramsay

ed 35 years ARM TRONG—At Toronto, on October 2, Mrs. James Armstrong, aged 25 years. GEMMEL—At Virden, Manitoba, on October 3, Harry J. Gemmel, aged 22 years. HUMPRIES—At Toronto, William Humpries, aged 28 MACDONE'LL-At Toronto, on October 3, Mrs. Olivia

ndonell, aged 64 years. NEWNING-At Austin, Texas, on September 21, Mrs. ie Newning.
EWSOM - At Orono, Ont., on September 24, Samuel cher N-wsom. aged 69 years. er a wsom aged 69 years E-At Toronto, on October 2, Kathleen Ord, infant of R. Fred and Edith Tate. ES-At Montreal, on O tober 2, Mrs. Charles Jones, 55 years ARRY—At Liverpool, England, on October S, 1888, W. W. Clarry. SS—At Toronto on October 3, Mrs. Anna C. Ross,

82 years. E4PSEY—At Milton, on September 29 Eliz.beth ps v. aged 54 years. BROUGHTON—At Toronto, on Outober 9, John Broughton, aged 65 years.

D X 'N - At Lambton Mills, on October S, Thomas Dixon, aged 36 years

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267 SPADINA AVENUE

Tremendous Stock

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING

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